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THE



LION HUNTER

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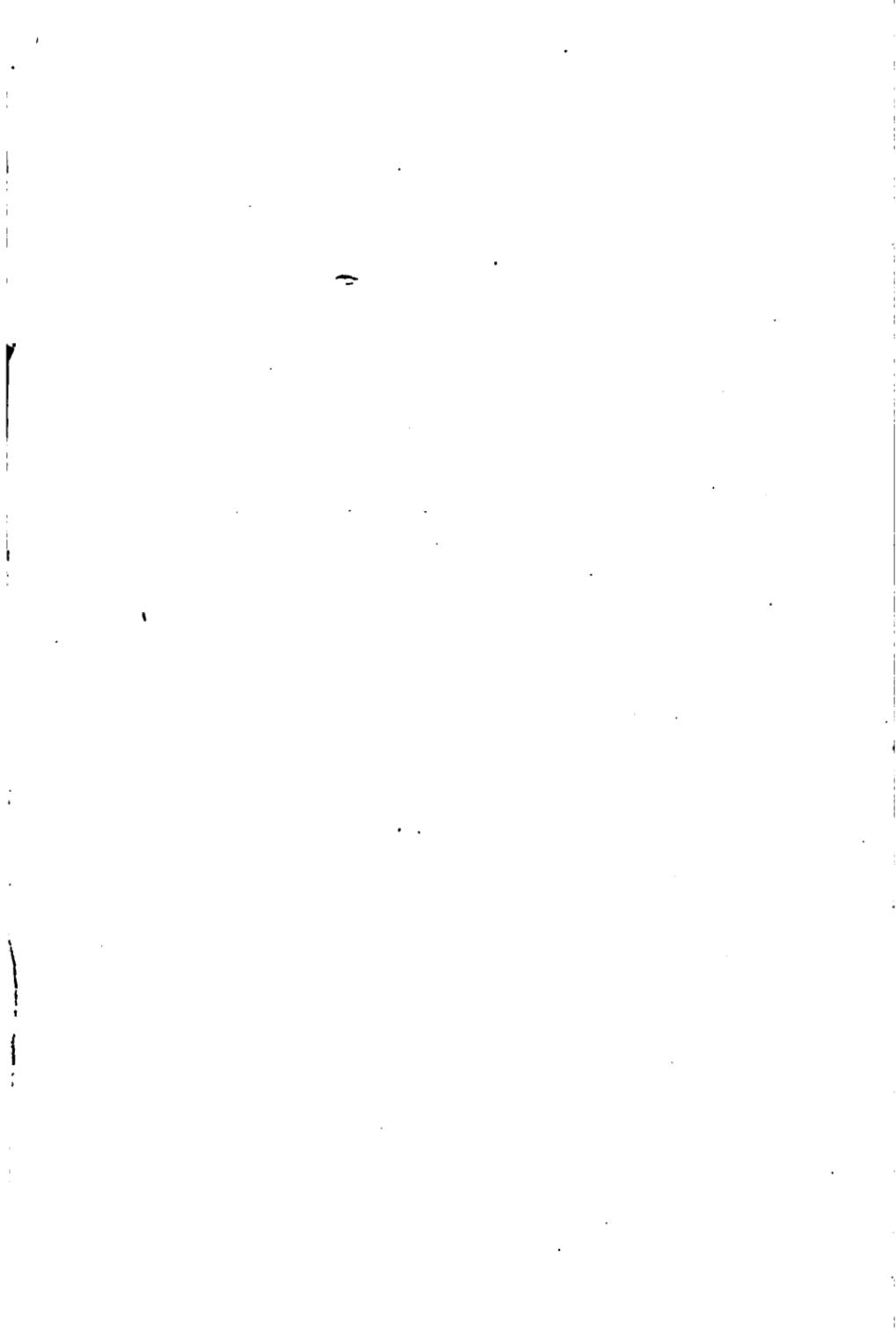
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Written in Rensselaer where in 1757 "Yankee Doodle" was written.

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W.M. HUDSON.

"WHAT WILL THEY SAY—IN OYSTER BAY?"

VELDT, THE LION HUNTER

A COMIC OPERA WHIRL.

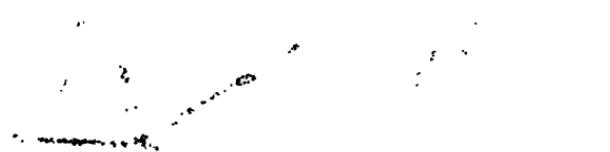
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Illustrated

THEATRICAL EDITION
BY
EDWAY PUBLISHING COMPANY
88 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
1880

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VELDT, THE LION HUNTER

A COMIC OPERA WHIRL

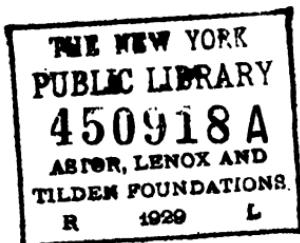
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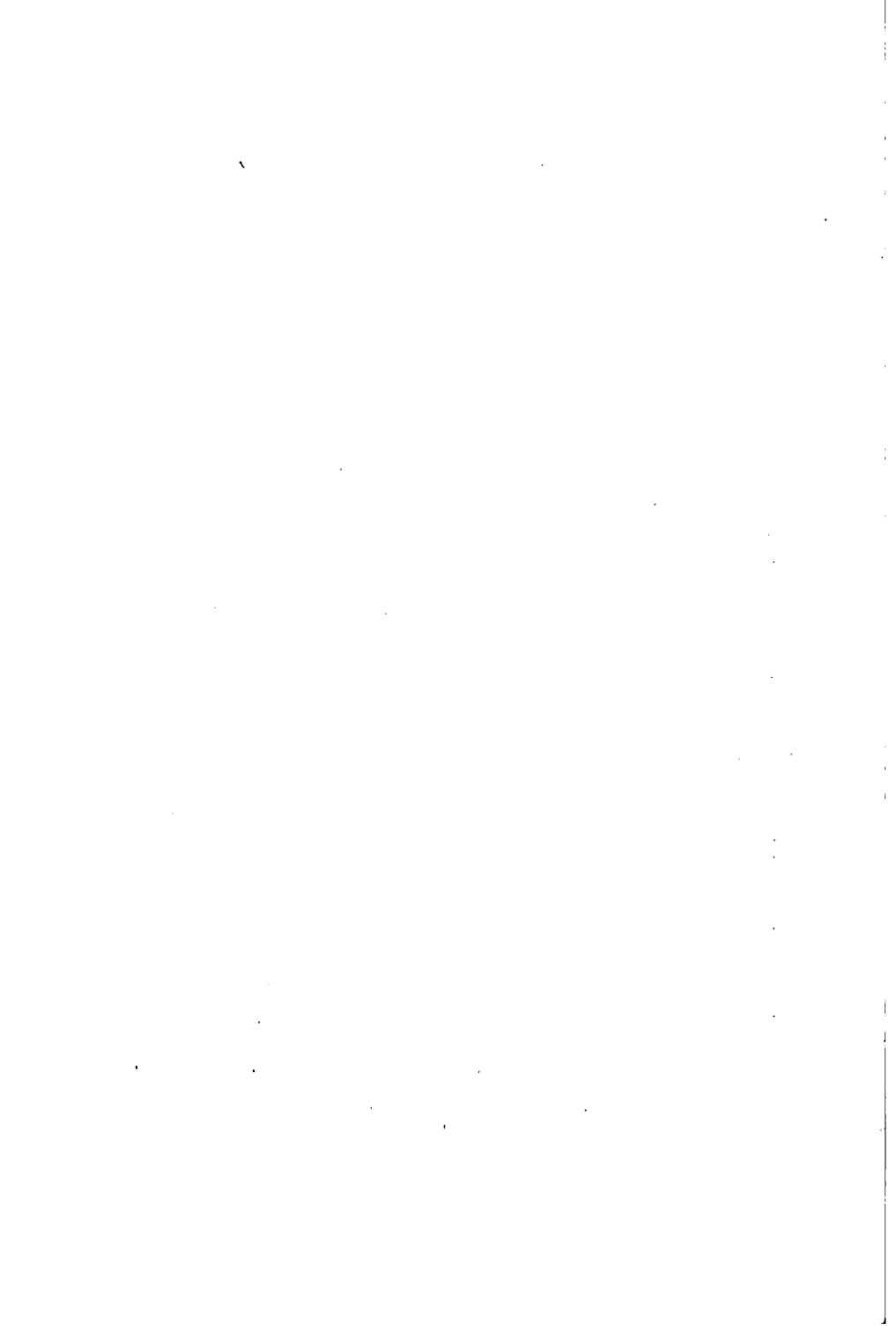
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NEW YORK
JULY 1910
W. H. MORSE

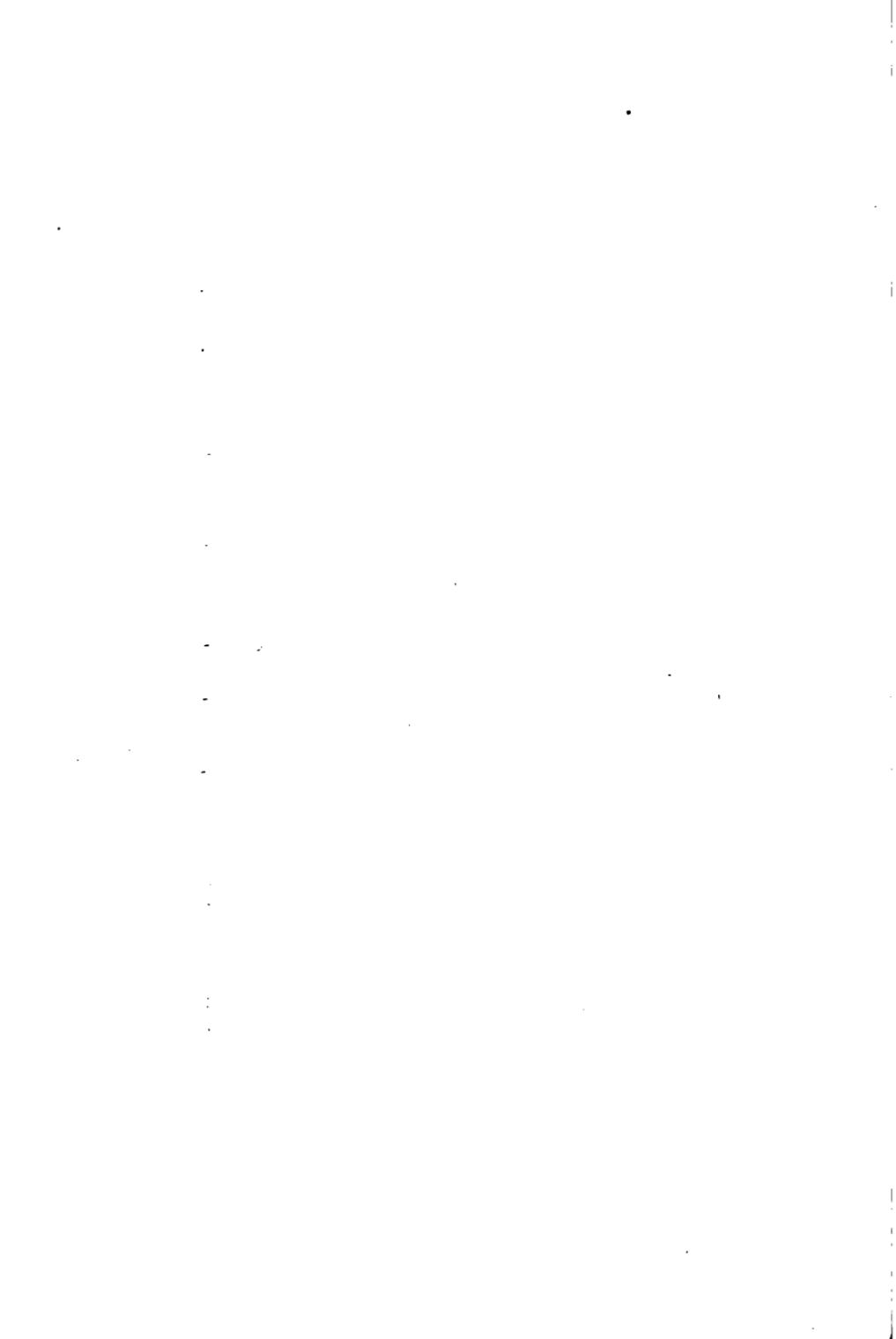
DEDICATED
TO
FLORENCE, MARION, PEACHIE AND JAMES, JR.



AUTHOR'S NOTE.

* Should the reader of this little book ever meet
Mr. H. W. Petrie, my esteemed friend and
operatic partner, request a hearing of the fasci-
nating melodies he penned to the lyrics con-
tained herein.

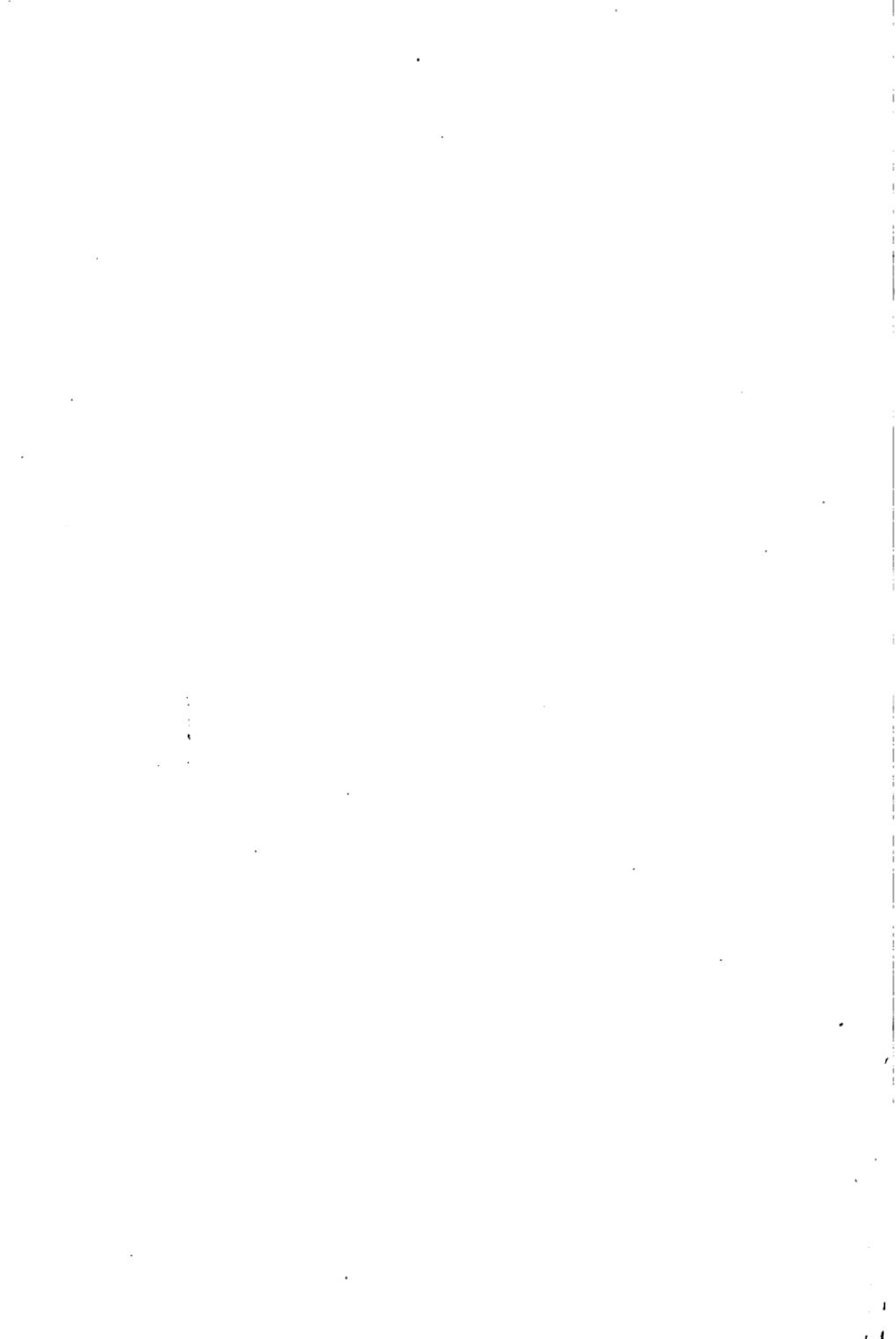
* Wrote
"Asleep in the deep,"
"I don't want to play in your yard,"
"Peach basket hat built for two,"
the.



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Veldt, The Lion Hunter

A Comic Opera Whirl

CHAPTER I.

HOW IT COMMENCED.

The curtain had fallen on the last act of the musical play in the Herald Round Theatre, New York City, and the large audience was slowly moving out of its corridors into waiting autos and taxies at the curb.

Ferdinand Pipes and Jack Scooper, escorting their wives, mingled with the gay throng, and shortly the last-mentioned quartette were cosily seated at a table in a modest little restaurant around the corner.

Ferdinand Pipes was a church organist in Freelot, a little township on Staten Island, and, to keep the wolf farther from his heels, he also gave music lessons.

Jack Scooper, his next-door neighbor, was a

reporter on a New York City paper, and was inclined to turn his "stuff" into rhyme at the least provocation, to the chagrin of the city editor.

Both Pipes and Scooper had secret ambitions, and were tired of their daily grind, which, at best, meant no more than a squeeze to meet bills, as is the case with millions of others.

Comfortably seated at table, with their orders given, while the wives discussed the styles, Ferdinand and Jack talked of the musical play they had just witnessed. The said play, by the way, was "Miss Frostina," and told therein how a beautiful maiden came from her residence at the North Pole and "froze stiff" all the suitors for her hand. The comedian, of course, was a chap with a plumber's outfit, who made several stage fortunes, "thawing out" unwary lovers.

"What did you think of it, Scooper?"

"All right, but not much to it, Pipes."

"There was only one tune in the whole business worth while, if I'm any judge," said Pipes.

"And for that one tune the authors get fame and a ton of money weekly, with a music publisher's royalty check monthly," knowingly stated Scooper.

"I'd really like to be in such a money deluge," said Pipes earnestly, "and I think I could jingle out a gross of little whistling melodies—"

"Can you?" interrupted Scooper. "If you can, you're just the man I've been looking for to collaborate with. I've been studying stage rules and customs for two months, and now I have a cast, scene synopsis, song titles and a

working action skeleton for a comic opera all ready, and, as for rhyming, I'd rather rhyme than eat——”

“S-s-s-s-h,” cautioned Pipes. “Don't let our wives hear. You know how the woman a chap's married to looks upon any ambitious spurts.” Then he whispered: “I'm with you, Scooper, to a finish. We'll write a comic opera or explode. And we'll make it a crackerjack!”

“There's my hand on it, Pipes,” said Scooper. “We'll make a fortune. The names of Scooper and Pipes will soon blaze amid myriad lights on the gay white way.”

“That's our way,” added Pipes, “the gay white way!”

Then supper was served, and the brand-new operatic partnership could carry on no further business except with expressive glances.

The rapid manner in which they hurried through their repast and hustled their better halves into the subway could not escape criticism, which resulted in their being left to themselves on the arrival of the party at the ferry, but this was just what they desired.

“What's your title?” whispered Pipes.

“The 'Lion Hunter,'" cautiously answered Scooper, as he glanced furtively around to note no other ears heard.

“Lion Hunter? Africa?” queried Pipes.

Scooper nodded affirmatively.

The eyes of Ferdinand Pipes opened wide, tears of joy trickled down his cheeks, and he enthusiastically threw his arms about Scooper.

"What do you think of it?" asked Scooper, dodging any more fervent demonstrations.

"Think of it?" gasped Pipes. "Already I dream of it! The title alone is a gold mine. Why—why—Scooper, we'll be rich; I feel it in my bones!"

By this time the boat was nearing the Staten Island shore, and the curiosity of Mrs. Pipes and Mrs. Scooper was aroused at the mysterious whispering of their husbands.

"What are you two plotting about?" inquired Mrs. Pipes.

"Fortune, Mrs. Pipes; Fortune at last is calling. I hear her," answered Pipes.

"She'll lose her voice or you'll lose your hearing," snapped Mrs. Pipes.

"What are you going to do? Rob a bank?" inquired Mrs. Scooper.

"Yes," quickly replied Scooper, "we intend robbing a bank—a theatrical bank."

"Beware of a 'real' jail," snarled Mrs. Scooper.

"They'll take stage money," added Mrs. Pipes. "My husband is full of such 'pipes,' that's his name—Pipes!"

After this broadside from the feminine sharpshooters, the new-born librettist and the freshly discovered composer lapsed into silence for the balance of the trip, and on the way home little of moment passed between them, but at parting Scooper managed adroitly to whisper to Pipes.

"I'll send all I have of the opera to you tomorrow, but for the love of our future don't

mention the stunt to your wife. Let her guess what she likes, but don't let the opera get on the 'gossip sheet.' Good night, partner."

"Good night," said Pipes, *sotto voce*. "You know me, Scooper; nix on telling. After we make our first fifty thousand dollars, they'll be glad to listen, but now—no windstorms—m-u-m. Good night, librettist!"

Then they both entered their respective homes, where, after they "got the coal," "put out the cat," and performed other usual chores, they went to dreamland, and dreamed that their opera, "The Lion Hunter," was playing in seven New York theatres simultaneously to crowded houses, besides having twenty road companies covering the rest of the United States, and—the names of two new millionaires were SCOOPER and PIPES.

CHAPTER II.

M S . I S S I G H T E D .

Ferdinand Pipes was up before the milkman on the morning following his compact with Jack Scooper, and he watched faithfully until seven o'clock for the passing of the librettist. Jack was going to hand him something; of course, he had been handed plenty of things before, but this was to be in the shape of "a million dollars' worth of comic opera."

When Jack Scooper appeared on his stoop, Pipes hastened to his front gate to meet him. Pipes' wife was watching, but Jack Scooper was aware that not only Pipes' wife, but his own wife also, had their eyes on them.

So Jack, cleverly as a sleight-of-hand artist, transferred an envelope from under his own coat to under the coat of Pipes in the twinkling of an eye, and hurried to catch his train for New York, with the swift warning: "Squeeze it!" And Pipes "squeezed," then manœuvred until he slipped it into his inner pocket, after which he whistled guiltily and entered the house.

Breakfast was ready, but he did not feel like eating, so after fidgeting around a little he watched his chance, grabbed his hat and walked

out. Wifey's voice hailed him at the gate, but he heeded it not. "Of all fool men," she bawled, "gone without his breakfast! Don't forget the Jones girl takes her lesson at 8:30!" But Ferdinand heard not; he was around the corner reading.

* * * * *

Two-act comic opera:

VELDT, THE LION HUNTER.

Book and lyrics by Jack Scooper.

Music by Ferdinand Pipes.

CAST.

VELDT ROSE, a-lion-a-minute hunter, startling quiet old Africa,	leading comedian (baritone)
WILLIE DUBB, Veldt's secretary.....	comedy
A. KODAK, the official photographer....	1st tenor
C. HAMMING, an African expert.....	2nd tenor
Tom WRONG, an air-ship wonder.....	comedy
DICK BUNS, a wireless sender.....	comedy
HARRY HONK, an expert chauffeur.....	comedy
CAPT. SNYDER, captain of yacht on Nile.	comedy
My Policies, a forlorn wanderer.....	comedy
BOOLOOBOO, African chief.....	basso
CHOW CHOW, tiger charmer.....	comedy
CHAW CHAW, elephant fascinator.....	comedy
CHU CHU, lion hypnotizer.....	comedy
SHERBANG, African society lady.....	comedy
Boohoo, her playmate.....	comedy

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J. Praj

Salomé

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1. "We'll Drop you a Line, or a Lion's Skin," Rose Garden
2. "The Lion Hunter," Veldt Rose
3. "Dreams," Rose Garden
4. "Boolooboo Will Bamboozle You," Bolooboo
5. "My Affinity Is You," Duet, Rose Garden and Kodak
6. "It's a Little Way I Have," Violet
7. "What Will They Say—In Oyster Bay," Veldt Rose
8. "We Don't Believe in 'Race Suicide,'" Sherbang and Nurse Girls
9. "Come, My Own Love, to Me," Kodak
10. "Old New York," Concerted, Double Quartet
11. "We Want to Go Back, Back, Away Back Home," Tom, Dick and Harry and Wives
- Finale. The Start. Company

ACT II.

SCENE I. MUSICAL NUMBERS.

- Opening Number—a. Lion's Song, Company
b. Natives' Song.
12. "Chaw Raw Beef," Bolooboo and Trio
 13. "Nerve," Veldt Rose
 14. "'Tis Better So," Rose Garden
 15. "The Teddy Line," Newspapermen
 16. "The Dearest Girl in All the World," Hamming

17. "Cutest Little Zulu in the Zoo,"
(Jungle Sue) Sherbang and Natives
 18. "Together—You and I," Duet,
Rose Garden and Kodak
 19. "Answer My Wireless—C. Q. D.," Violet
 20. "Ananias Couldn't Beat That,"
Veldt and Quartet
Finale, Company

SCENE II. MUSICAL NUMBERS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Opening Number,</i> | <i>Company</i> |
| 21. "Captain on the Nile," | <i>Capt. Snyder</i> |
| 22. "Bill," | <i>Veldt Rose</i> |
| 23. "U. S. A. Is Home to Me," | <i>Rose Garden</i> |
| <i>Finale,</i> | <i>Company</i> |

VELDT, THE LION HUNTER.

ACT I.

[Scene, Wharf at Mombassa, Africa. Tavern at R. Ropes and nautical trimmings scattered around. Back drop, ocean. Curtain rises, African sailors discovered, shading eyes with hands, looking R. Opening Chorus, sailors, "Blow, Sea Winds, Blow!" I.A.]

Blow, sea winds, blow,
Come, good ship, for we know,

There's a "good thing,"
On the ship that we will trim,
He'll get all that's coming to him—
He'll get all that is coming to him—
He'll get all that's coming to him;
Blow, winds, blow,

Blow, sea winds, blow,
Come, good ship, for we know,
There's a good thing
On the ship that we will trim.
He'll get what's coming to him!
Blow, sea winds, blow,
Blow, sea winds,
Blow, sea winds, blow!

[Enter BOOLOOBOO, followed by ten dilapidated warrior guards.]

BOOLOOBOO [recitative].
What means this—this coming fleet?
Seems to me—to be "Big Pete!"
BOOLOOBOO [song 1 b, "You're a Cuckoo.]
What ho, my guards, cheer up, cheer up,
The worst is yet to come,
On yonder ship, there's a chap with a chip
On his shoulder—all in plumb;
What ho, guards, brace up, brace up,
Keep your eye peeled for fun,
Where am I at—a Diplomat—
I'll be dumb as an oyster, dumb as an oyster,
Dumb as an oyster—dumb!

(CHORUS.)
He'll be dumb as an oyster, dumb!

(REFRAIN.)

Booloopoo, you're a cuckoo,
 Anywhere, ev'rywhere,
 Booloopoo, you're a looloo,
 Your army grand, will always stand with you!
 [Cannon booms. Army or guards fall
 in a heap.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[To Guards.] What's the matter?

FIRST GUARD.

Nothing—just *nervous prostration*.

BOOLOOBOO.

How many are there in my army?

FIRST GUARD.

Nine and a fraction—

BOOLOOBOO.

A fraction?

FIRST GUARD.

[Pointing to little chap.] The fraction!
 [Chow Chow rushes in, hands wireless
 message to BOOLOOBOO.]

CHOW CHOW.

A wireless!

BOOLOOBOO.

[Reads.] Have ready five gallons of ink and
 two tons of paper; I want to write a short note
 home. Veldt Rose. [Quickly.] Chow Chow,

fill a tub with ink and bring it here; the gentleman must be going to take an "ink bath."

[Exit CHOW CHOW.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[Excitedly.] The only paper we have in port is "wall paper." He'll have to write on the back of that.

[CHAW CHAW rushes on with message,
hands BOOLOOBOO.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[Reads.] Let loose the lions, tigers and elephants of war. I'll make Africa howl. Put my three sheet lithographs on billboards and decorate town hall. Veldt Rose.

[CHU CHU rushes on with message,
hands BOOLOOBOO.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[Reads.] Tune up the town band, but don't start any trouble until I get there—

[CHOW CHOW rushes on with message,
hands BOOLOOBOO.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[Reads, tired.] If you've got a newspaper there, put on double crew and give me front page—

[CHAW CHAW rushes on with message,
hands BOOLOOBOO.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[Reads, very languidly.] Will take your army for a marathon run immediately on arrival—

[CHU CHU rushes on. Army anxious.]

BOOLOOBOO.

Nix, no more, no more wireless. Save 'em for the public library. [To army.] 'Tention! 25-mile run? Must think I have a Marathon equipment. Forward! We're off!

[Exit L, BOOLOOBOO and guards, singing.]
Boolooboo, you're a cuckoo,

Anywhere, ev'rywhere,
Boolooboo, you're a looloo,

Your army grand will always stand with you!

[Cannon booms. Sailors also straggle off R. Enter SHERBANG, BOOHOO and native ladies, a misfit crowd.]

SHERBANG.

[Nervously.] I'm so upset! I can't tell if it's my heart beating or my watch! [she has an alarm clock on her bodice.] I think our 500 entertain too much. It's so trying. And they say this wonderful visitor used to be Governor of Troy—

BOOHOO.

He is going to make mincemeat of the jungle—

SHERBANG.

[Weeping.] Oh! Our poor elephants!

BOOHOO.

And lions—

SHERBANG.

And tigers. Oh! cruel man!

BOOHOO.

And our darling rhinoceroses!

SHERBANG.

And our poor hippopotamus!

[*All ladies weep.*]

BOOHO.

[*Quickly.*] What was that?

SHERBANG.

[*Screams.*] I thought I saw it, too.

BOOHO.

[*Excitedly.*] It must have been——

SHERBANG.

[*Screams.*] A mouse!

[*All scream and exit L.*]

[*Enter sailors R, business, looking off to sea, sing.*]

Blow, sea winds, blow,

Come, good ship, for we know,

There's a good thing

On the ship that we will trim,

He'll get what's coming to him!

Blow, sea winds, blow,

Blow, sea winds,

Blow, sea winds, blow!

[*Band back of scenes, as though on ship, plays patriotic tune. Deck of ship appears R. to L., back C, all principals on except VELDT ROSE and WRONG. Sailors' business, fastening ropes, officers shouting, etc. Gang plank lowered, principals and chorus, walk down. Natives come on R. and L.*]

(CHORUS—ALL.)

Africa, Africa, weird and dark old Africa,
For ages you have been hidden away,
Africa, Africa, wild and mad, fierce Africa,
You've lands in which most men fear to stray,
Africa, Africa, weird and dark old Africa,
For ages you have been hidden away!
Africa, Africa, weird and dark old Africa!
* * * * *

And the little Jones girl did not get her lesson.

Instead, Ferdinand Pipes locked himself in the little choir room, adjoining the church parsonage, and covered all the blank music paper in sight with notes, which when he played them over were jingling tunes; but it was dusk before he had "the sailors' song," the "Booloodoo song," and the chorus "Africa" written to his satisfaction.

In the meantime, Mrs. Pipes was informing all callers: "My Pipe is out!"

CHAPTER III.**MORE MS.**

Jack Scooper was not a mind reader, yet he knew instinctively that his partner was at the choir room; so, instead of going home to supper when he alighted from the train that evening, he hurried to the rehearsal room. Arriving outside, he listened. Pipes was playing for the one hundred and sixty-seventh time the opening music of the opera. He even burst forth into song, as Jack's ears drank in the melodies, and, though they were sung in a cracked tenor voice, they were good—great. The little sailor song, "Blow, sea winds, blow," had all the lurch and swing of the briny deep, and was a dandy. Jack could have listened there all night, but that was not writing opera.

"Encore," shouted Jack, as he entered. "I heard it all, and Broadway will be amazed. You can beat them all, Pipes, and if I can finish the book as good as you finish the music our names will go down in history." At this he pulled a package from his pocket. "More MS., Composer Pipes; we'll write comic operas while they wait. Read this. The good ship comes in,

and Rose Garden sings as the party comes on shore. Then Veldt, the star, gets a big entrance; he comes on in an air-ship and has an entrance song; after that lots of stage business and exit, followed by Boolooboo dialogue up to Rose Garden's second song. Read it yourself, Pipes; isn't that great stage action?"

And Pipes read:

* * * * *

[*Chorus back, Rose GARDEN comes down C, has wine glass, sips; all chorus likewise holds glass in toast.*]

[*ROSE GARDEN sings: "We'll Drop You a Line or a Lion's Skin!"*]

I drink to the hearts we left behind
Who think of you and me,
I drink to the eyes we left tear-blind,
Across the stormy sea,
But we're not forgetful of the vow,
We made as we said "good-by"—
A line or two from me to you,
You'll get bye and bye,
You will get bye and bye—

REFRAIN.

We'll drop a line or lion's skin,
To friends across the sea,
We hope, if the latter, you don't find within,
Some chunks that look like me,—
They say this is a ticklish place
For quiet folks to be in,
But come what may,
We'll send some day
A line or a lion's skin!

II.

I drink the good health of hunter great,
Who'll soon be here with us,
For him all the lions lie in wait,
 He is so strenuous;
But he will instruct us—show us how
 To shoot lions on the fly,
A line or two from me to you,
 You'll get bye and bye,
 You will get bye and bye!

REFRAIN.

We'll drop you a line or lion's skin, etc.
(AFTER SONG.)

HAMMING.

Here at last on the dark spot!

ROSE GARDEN.

Where is Veldt Rose's air-ship?

HAMMING.

Bumped into a hard cloud, maybe. That's just like him, though. Just as soon as we sighted land, he had to jump into Wrong's air-ship and try to land first—

VIOLET.

Wanted to be the African Columbus—

ROSE GARDEN.

[*Looking up.*] There they are now!

HAMMING.

Wrong can steer his ship right.

(CHORUS.)

[All look up and say.] Ah! and Oh!

[Great flapping in flies, pistol shooting, cries by chorus, whirring noises, shouts of "I'm frazzled," "Delighted," etc., etc.]

[Chorus of principals move back to wings, and bulky paper air-ship falls from flies to C. Crash.]

[Unseen, VELDT ROSE comes up trap back ship, comes down stage with his famous smile and poses C.]

VELDT ROSE.

Delighted!

[Orchestra, triumphal tune. VELDT ROSE poses.]

VELDT ROSE.

[Recitative.] Delighted! Delighted! To meet you all, my friends! Look, who's here, ever near, on to the Jungle's end!

(BOLERO.)

VELDT ROSE.

[Sings "The Lion Hunter."]

(The) Lion Hunter, with his gun, sir, now is here with you,

Soon hair will be flying,
Beasts, wild and fierce, dying,
So, please hurry up—produce your Zoo, produce your Zoo!I do not know fear, bring on a fierce one here,
I'll eat him alive!

I was a Rough Rider,
Not an old backslider
Or a rank outsider,
So, have a care, beware,
Of this Teddy Bear. Ah!

REFRAIN.

Frazzled! Frazzled!
To a pulp, just one gulp,
Razzled, dazzled,
Daylight's out, when I'm about;
Frazzled! Frazzled!
Big type, me, History
Reads "Lion Hunter made
A 'Jungle Fricassee'!"

II.

I'm a wonder, never blunder, I hit the bull's eye,
Bullets will be sizz—ling,
Blood, like rain drops, drizzling,
When I busy get, you'll hear them cry, They
are my pie!
If you want a row, you can have one now, I feel
strenuous!

I was a Rough Rider,
Not an old backslider
Or a rank outsider,
So have a care, beware,
Of this Teddy Bear. Ah!

REFRAIN.

Frazzled! etc., etc.
(AFTER SONG.)

VELDT.

Ah! I feel fit to spank the Senate! Africa [to ladies and principals], ladies, is at your mercy. [Looks around] Dubb. Where is my Dubb? Oh, Dubby! Ah! [DUBB rushes on with a tray on which is a typewriter, held by straps over shoulders. VELDT dictates. DUBB pounds furiously keys of typewriter.] Dear Sir: Regret to say that my Ananias book is full; will try and reserve space in next volume. Dear Bill: Kill every Trust on sight, and don't forget my policies. I will put another star on the flag when I subdue Africa. Dear Jeffries: Hope you win, even though you're after an African. [To DUBB.] Enough. Dubb, away! [Exit DUBB.] [Yells.] Where's my sparring partner?

[Enter man in ring costume, both hammer away a few seconds; man exits, tired.] [Yells.]

My pistols! My target practice!

[Pictures on boards of lions, tigers, elephants, etc., are moved in and out of wings and flies. VELDT fires blank cartridges at random, and poses a second when through.] [Yells.]

Where's my horse?

[Big wooden horse rushed on; VELDT jumps in saddle.] [Yells.]

My photographer!

[Camera man rushes on; VELDT poses, etc.] [Jumps from horse.] [Man with foils rushes on, fences a few seconds with VELDT; then man exit.]

[Enter two pages with massive covered book, marked, big, "Life of Veldt." VELDT grabs pen, buries head and shoulders in book, standing; then walks slowly off R., followed by admiring principals and chorus, singing refrain to "The Lion Hunter."]

Frazzled! Frazzled!

To a pulp, just one gulp,
Razzled, dazzled,

Daylight's out when I'm about;
Frazzled! Frazzled!

Big type me, History
Reads "Lion Hunter made
A 'Jungle Fricassee'!"

[All exit R.]

[Great commotion, off stage, clatters of cans, etc.] [Stage lights rather dim.]

[Enter BOOLOOBOO, brigand fashion, followed by army, sneaky fashion.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[Wrathfully, shaking fist at R.] He whipped my army—the whole African army. Exercise, he said, and chased the army down the street, and pelted the pride of Africa with tomato cans. Bah!

[Crash off stage R. BOOLOOBOO and army trembling, buzz and exit.]

[Orchestra, sentimental.]

[Enter ROSE GARDEN; sits at R.]

ROSE GARDEN.

Veldt is such a great man—such a hero. I

presume I should feel honored to be a member of such a notable exploring party, though in first moments in this strange dark country, I feel strangely lonesome; I long for America; I see it in Dreams!"

[*Orchestra Intro.*]

ROSE GARDEN [*sings*].

DREAMS.

Dearest of all fairy friends I know,
 Are dreams, dreams, dreams,
 Back o'er the sea each night I go
 In dreams, dreams, dreams,
 Dream fancy forms the sweetest glen,
 Where you are waiting, now as then,
 And we are together once again—
 In dreams, dreams, dreams!

II.

Ofttimes I would that I'd ne'er awake
 From dreams, dreams, dreams,
 Until my heart and hand you'd take,
 In dreams, dreams, dreams;
 Then perchance you'd be dreaming, too,
 And know that I loved—I loved but you,
 Surely then would my fond dreams come true—
 Sweet dreams, dreams, dreams.

[*Exits L.*]

* * * * *

When Ferdinand finished reading, he said not a word, but rushed to the piano, where he

pounded chords and scribbled until he had all the rhymes on the sheets clothed in catchy tunes. "The line or lion's skin" song was a corker, while Veldt had a big number which smacked of the Toreador song from Carmen, and Rose Garden's "Dreams" was a sure winner.

The church bell tolled midnight.

"Home," said Scooper. "It's midnight. I'll tell my wife I had to work late."

"I don't know what I can tell mine," said Pipes, hiding his precious music MS. in a music case.

"Never mind, Pipes, I'll write till three A. M. and see you at your gate at seven. If you don't tell your wife anything, she'll tell you something."

And she did.

Pipes, after his brilliant day's work, went to sleep to the tune of "Jones girl lesson," "desert your wife," "too lazy, that's all," "no wood chopped," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CHOIR.

Jack Scooper burned midnight oil until four A. M., for he not only handed the waiting Pipes more of the opera, but also a letter, as he hurried on his way to the city.

Pipes, being fearful of wifey's temper, did not immediately set out for the choir room as he did the previous day, but, instead, locked himself in his room, and there opened his beloved papers. They had the nice, crisp feel of new one-thousand dollar bills to him.

"**MY DEAR AND GREAT COMPOSER,**" the note began, "We're working under difficulties. I discover as I progress that the star cannot make love, as our portrait will be closely drawn in a good-humored way, and this, of course, would suggest unfaithfulness. Everything we do must be high grade, as half of this whole world admire our star, and we want him to say that the first thing he wants to see on his return is our opera. I'll meet you to-night at your composing room. Enclosed find some native language, African school episode, Veldt's strenuous training, song Boolooboo, short scene Veldt and Dubb,

and duet, Kodak and Rose Garden. These names all seem like real people to me; hope they're real money, too. Hastily, JACK."

Then Pipes perused the continuation of the MS.:

* * * * *

[Enter CHU CHU, CHAW CHAW, CHOW CHOW.]

[*Insane dialogue, viz., with gesticulations, guttural tones.*]

CHU.

Sung boo lah!

CHAW.

Bung soo zaza!

CHOW.

[*Excitedly.*] Bing—bung—bazung!

[*All nod approval.*]

CHAW.

Sing bah zuzu!

CHOW.

Sung mah zingo!

CHU.

[*Excitedly.*] Zing—Zang—Zumbong!

[*All nod approval, whisper to each other and grin.*]

CHAW.

Bazoo—bazum—

CHOW.

Buzook—bazazoo—

CHU.

Mum—um—bong—bong!

[All nod approval, look excitedly down road, then all three exit quickly R.]

[Enter a dozen African schoolboys, weeping, followed by SHERBANG and BOO-HOO.]

SHERBANG.

Whazzer matter?

FIRST BOY.

OO—oo—oo—

BOOHOO.

Tell us, little Chu Chu.

FIRST BOY.

OO—oo—oo—

SHERBANG.

What are you crying for?

FIRST BOY.

OO—oo. A wild man busted up the school

—oo—

BOOHOO.

What?

FIRST BOY.

Oo. He licked the whole class. Oo.

SECOND BOY.

Oo. He punched the teacher. Oo.

FIRST BOY.

Oo. He kicked over the schoolhouse. Oo.

SHERBANG.

What did he do that for?

FIRST BOY.

Oo. Because—

BOOHOO.

Come—tell us—

FIRST BOY.

Oo. Because—Oo—

SHERBANG.

What did the man break up the school for?

FIRST BOY.

Oo. Because we couldn't spell through—
T-H-R-U.

[Boys exit L, weeping.] [SHERBANG and
BOOHOO look amazed.] [Orchestra
play weird dance melody.] [Then
SHERBANG and BOOHOO do a gro-
tesque war or comedy dance.] [Finish,
Exit L.]

[Enter HAMMING and KODAK, R.]

HAMMING.

Guess we'll have to hurry Veldt to the dark
places.

KODAK.

He's surely reorganizing this quiet seaport.

HAMMING.

Started talking Raines Law—

KODAK.

And New York police force——

HAMMING.

They'll ship us back——

KODAK.

Or lead us on a tiger's free lunch counter.

[*Whizzing heard off.*]

HAMMING.

[*Looking R.*] He's coming now.

KODAK.

Out for a quiet walk.

(ORCHESTRA.)

[VELDT *rushes across stage, R, triple quick walk, followed by TOM, DICK and HARRY, continues right off L, not a word spoken.*]

HAMMING.

Veldt's the best bet——

KODAK.

He wins—in a walk——

HAMMING.

Here's "the Grand Army man."

KODAK.

We'll go.

[*Exit HAMMING and KODAK L.*
[*Enter BOOLOOBBOO R.*]]

BOOLOOBOO.

[*Reads paper in hand.*] First message in Africa. Your town is on the blink. Call it Punkville, or turn it inside out and make it look like something. Bah! That's like those wireless ones. Bah! He even wants to change the names of the animals—wants to call our wild hog *Chicago-Cincinnatus*. Also an assortment of names for our lions. He wants a Wabash Lion, a New York Central Lion, a Michigan Southern Lion, a West Shore Lion, and a Hoboken Ferry Lion. Bah! I'll charge him fare on my lines. [*Blows whistle. Army enter, straggling.*] 'Tention! [Funny, parade, rest.]

(ORCHESTRA INTRO.)

BOOLOOBOO.

[*Sings "Boolooboo Will Bamboozle You."*]

We've got the finest Zoo here in creation,
Just mention what you want and we'll produce,

We never say: Just out, try an imitation,
We've got them all, tho' they are running loose.

A mighty hunter came across the water,
And shouted in this deaf old ear of mine,
"There'll shortly be an awful, awful, awful, awful slaughter,

Let me try at first a '*slow old Erie Lion.*'"

REFRAIN.

Boolooboo will bamboozle you,
If you can hunt like that,

For a "line" you get "four dollars a word,"
We will have to capture some of that.

II.

He seems to think the Jungle is a station,
Or "one car line" I heard about out West,
That issues bonds, over all his old nation,
At prices high—for lobsters to invest;
Said I: "Now, hunter, forget the 'Erie.'"
He shouted back into this ear of mine,
"There'll shortly be an awful, awful, awful, awful
slaughter—
Let me try at least a '*fast N. Y. C. Lion.*'"

REFRAIN.

[*At finish, exit L.*]
[Enter VELDT, R, dictating to DUBB, who
follows timidly.]

VELDT.

[*Has a big black stuffed stick.*] I killed two
lions to-day—

DUBB.

[*Shakes head, "No," grins.*]

VELDT.

[*Swings stick.*] Got that? I killed two lions.
Got that?

DUBB.

No!

VELDT.

[*Hits him on head with stick.*] Got that?

DUBB.

What?

VELDT.

Got that?

DUBB.

Which?

VELDT.

[*Disgusted.*] Which? I killed two lions.
[*Hits him on head.*] Got that?

DUBB.

Which?

VELDT.

[*Out of patience.*] What kind of an office
boy are you? Got that?

DUBB.

What?

VELDT.

Oh! What did I ever let you 'tend door for?
Got that?

DUBB.

What?

VELDT.

[*Furious.*] I killed two lions. [*Hits him on
head.*] Got that?

DUBB.

Which?

VELDT.

It's no use; your only chance is get married
and tend stoves. I said distinctly "I killed two
lions—"

DUBB.

Yes—

VELDT.

And then——

DUBB.

Then—the laying on of the big stick——

VELDT.

Then I asked, "Got that?"

DUBB.

And I asked "Which?"

VELDT.

Why didn't you say "both." [Laughs.] The cigars are on me. [Hands DUBB cigar.] There's a fine *Bermuda*.

DUBB.

Bermuda?

VELDT.

Rare brand—Eau de Onionyana. [Quickly.] But we must keep Hearst and the Outlook busy! Send wireless—I killed two lions—twenty lions—or as many lions as the Interstate Commerce Commission——

[*Exit L with DUBB, arm in arm.*] [Enter KODAK R.]

(ORCHESTRA.)

KODAK.

I half wish I were back. Rensselaer is a little town, and there isn't much excitement, but I don't know; it's nice to be there; that's all. This is surely not a wild goose chase, though; wild lions and tigers—ugh!

(ORCHESTRA.)

[*Whirring noise.*] [Natives walk triple-quick from L. to R., all exit.]

KODAK.

They've got the Veldt stride fever. What next? Next for me will be falling in love.

(ORCHESTRA, SENTIMENTAL.)

[Enter ROSE GARDEN slowly, back stage.]

KODAK.

My Rose! My affinity!

[They sing duet, "My Affinity is you!"]

KODAK.

Ah!

Whose wondrous form is this before me?

Whose glorious eyes are those mine own doth see?

ROSE GARDEN.

Whose heart makes mine beat with ecstasy—

Can it be—my own affinity?

KODAK.

Look once more, lest I should be too late,

Pause again, perchance it is your fate,

ROSE GARDEN.

Tell, oh tell, dear heart, do you admire me—

Are you—are you my affinity?

REFRAIN.

KODAK.

My affinity is you,

ROSE GARDEN.

You smile as though you knew,
KODAK.

In the gay lover's lane,
I will meet you again,
I'll surely wait for you;

ROSE GARDEN.

My affinity is you,
In a new world for just two;

BOTH.

I'm—in the vicinity of my divinity,
For my affinity—is you!

II.

ROSE GARDEN.

Ah!

What fateful chance brought you to-night, dear,
Some fairy bright has wooed you here,

KODAK.

With dainty magic that I might see,
See my own—my own affinity;

ROSE GARDEN.

Glance once more, am I the maid for you?
Smile again; it thrills me through and through.

KODAK.

Tell, oh tell, dear heart, do you admire me?
Are you—are you my own affinity?

REFRAIN.

KODAK.

My affinity is you, etc., etc.

[Both exit R.]

* * * * *

A voice calling up the stairs, "Ferdinand," aroused him, and brought him back from Africa. Then he had to sit three long hours and entertain neighbor Stalk, who talked, talked and talked about high prices, but Pipes was thinking of high notes, Veldt, Kodak, Rose Garden and the rest of his dream family. And he made Mr. Stalk wonder what he meant when he said in bidding him adieu: "Good day, Mr. Booloo-boo."

Pipes took no more chances by staying indoors. For at dusk he was making the piano talk, sing and nearly dance in the choir room, and waiting patiently for Scooper.

But Scooper was late, and the choir began to assemble, it being a rehearsal night. Pipes put his compositions away, and tried over several hymns. The choir has voiced in, reached a fortissimo spot, when in ran the overdue Jack Scooper—and he did not belong to the choir.

When Pipes saw Scooper, the accompaniment stopped, and the notes of the sopranos, altos, tenors and bassos toppled down from the lofty place they were singing for into a dismal wail.

"That will be all for to-night," glibly said Pipes. "Mr. Scooper is here."

"Mr. Scooper?" indignantly yelled a shrill soprano, "has no right to interrupt rehearsal——"

"Professor Pipes," said a harsh alto, "you are and have been neglecting your choir, and I, for one, will report you to the trustees."

But Pipes was unmoved. "Rehearsal is over, ladies and gentlemen. Good night."

"Ye gods," whispered Scooper, as the choir filed out in high dudgeon, "you'll get fired, old man."

"I want to get fired; we both want to get fired; our fortune is in our operas. I'm wasting my time getting wooden-eared listening to squalling, and your magic pencil and typewriter will soon be on a golden trail, instead of a yellow newspaper. Listen, librettist, listen."

And Pipes played over the Bamboozle song, and the duet, and Jack gave him a hearty encore; then Pipes sang the duet, but as he reached the high-ending—catcalls and howls broke through their African atmosphere.

The choir was on a strike.

Pipes knew his choir, so he quickly turned out the light, and he and Scooper sneaked homeward across lots.

"Rather an inglorious retreat," said Scooper, "but come over to my house, and we'll talk things over quietly."

"I'll tell your wife my wife wants to see her. She did last week, so I can conscientiously say so."

And Pipes visited Jack Scooper.

While the choir planned all kinds of revenge on their illustrious heads.

CHAPTER V.**DREAMS.**

"I've been digging up information in New York," began Scooper, as his wife departed for the Pipes domicile, "and though they say producing managers have MSS. piled mountain high in their sanctums, yet, from feeling out the critic on our paper, I know we have a distinct novelty that will be produced on sight."

"As I've said before, we'll have a money harvest, Scooper; I feel it in my bones, and when I play I feel it in the ivories——"

"Your music is the catchiest I've ever heard, Pipes, and that's no bouquet with a string on it."

"How can I help but write good music when I have such bully lyrics, such clever dialogue and stage business cheering me on. You're writing the best book and lyrics in the annals of operadom, Scooper, and I'm a lucky man to be your partner."

"Hush, Pipes, I know you mean it, but it might make me need hoops on my head. We'll cut all compliments until we've finished, agree not to discuss it before—but work—then we'll

celebrate. 'And I've been busy to-day, Pipes; had an assignment at court and wrote this much more while the judge charged the jury. Read it, more dialogue, a song and chorus part, and the next number I'll work on to-night and make the hit of the show. Read, Pipes, my boy."

* * * * *

[Enter, simultaneously, MRS. TOM at R.,
MRS. DICK at L., MRS. HARRY at C.]
[All rush and meet at C down stage.]
[Kiss each other affectionately.]

MRS. TOM.

Where's your husband?

MRS. DICK.

Where's your husband?

MRS. HARRY.

Where's your husband?

ALL.

In 'Africa'!

MRS. TOM.

Yes, maybe lost in Africa and his poor wife
crying her eyes out and wondering if a cannibal
has eaten him—

MRS. DICK.

[To MRS. HARRY, aside, guying MRS. TOM.]
I could bust at that hat. [To MRS. TOM,
aloud.] Yes, dear!

MRS. TOM.

Who knows what fate awaits us all in this ter-
rible place?

MRS. HARRY.

[To MRS. DICK, *aside*.] Right you are about that headpiece; looks like a toadstool. [To MRS. TOM, *aloud*.] Yes, love!

MRS. TOM.

Dear me, in the excitement, I'd forgotten my new hat! How do you like it?

MRS. DICK.

Why, Mrs. Tom, it's *beautiful*!

MRS. HARRY.

A *dream*, a *picture*, dear!

MRS. TOM.

I knew you'd *both* love it.

[MRS. DICK walks back C., looks out to sea.]

MRS. TOM.

[Aside to MRS. HARRY.] What a fright of a waist that is of Mrs. Dick's!

MRS. HARRY.

[Aside to MRS. TOM.] Dreadful—lucky she's in Africa—

[MRS. DICK returns.]

MRS. TOM.

We were just noticing your new waist—it's *lovely*!

MRS. HARRY.

Such exquisite taste—just suits your complexion. [MRS. HARRY calls.] There's my Harry! [Rushes off R.]

MRS. DICK.

Quick, look; did you ever see such outlandish style?

MRS. TOM.

Fearful; she's built on the bias!

[MRS. HARRY returns; they smile sweetly.]

[VIOLET enters R.]

ALL.

Violet!

VIOLET.

Yes, all that's left of me. [Aside.] I'll startle this Boston tea party.

ALL.

Left of you? Why—what's the matter?

VIOLET.

Oh! I hate to tell you. [Winks.] It gets on one's nerves so.

ALL.

Tell us, there's a dear!

VIOLET.

Oh! It's a pity. [Aside.] I'll scare 'em stiff.

ALL.

We won't mind, dear Violet.

VIOLET.

Well—if you insist. I overheard those cannibals talking——

ALL.

Cannibals?

VIOLET.

Yes—they were arranging their bill of fare. One big fat fellow—chef, I suppose—had a list of our entire party—and was deciding which way each one was to be cooked—

ALL.

[Horrified.] Cooked?

VIOLET.

Yes, cooked. I was to be fried. You, Mrs. Tom, were to be baked. You, Mrs. Dick, were to be roasted. You, Mrs. Harry, were to be pickled—

ALL.

[Scream.] Oh! Oh! Did you tell Veldt?

VIOLET.

He said, the one who got him would have an awful stomach ache.

ALL.

Oh! What will we do?

VIOLET.

What can we do? Better go to the hotel and think it over—

[All three rush for R. wing.]

VIOLET.

[As they exit.] You might each swallow a paper of tacks—or a lot of broken glassware. There's grit in that. [When they go, VIOLET laughs loudly.] That's a little way I have.

(ORCHESTRA.)

VIOLET.

[Sings "*It's a Little Way I Have.*"]

When the white frost is on your check book,
 And the "chill stare" is ev'rywhere,
 When you feel yourself a-bunkin'—
 Tusselin', fusselin', with "dull care,"
 Then is the time I feel like foolin',
 I think I have the proper schoolin',
 To make fun when life seems drear—
 Taking trouble "by the ear"—

REFRAIN.

It's a little way I have,
 It's the way I handle "salve,"
 When you feel "blue,"
 I come to you,
 My smiles dry tears—fine and dandy;
 Just a little joke or two,
 Or some fun I'll poke at you,
 You'll forget
 Your "grouch," I'll bet,
 It's a little way I have!

II.

When sleepy papa walks with baby,
 And it is "midnight" ev'rywhere,
 When you hear "his shins" a-bunkin',
 Husselin', cusselin'—hear him swear!
 That is the time I feel like foolin',
 I think I have the proper schoolin',
 To make fun when life seems drear—
 Taking trouble "by the ear"—

REFRAIN.

It's a little way I have, etc., etc.

[Enter HAMMING as VIOLET ends song.]

HAMMING.

[Gushingly.] At last!

VIOLET.

That's what they all say!

HAMMING.

Let me say it alone.

VIOLET.

I'll give you first chance at the "solo work." But, tell me, when does the procession start? I'm not sure yet whether I'm with "a minstrel show" or "a circus"—

HAMMING.

Both, I guess. But Veldt's all right—a crack-erjack; give him his way, and we'll have the time of our lives. Just as soon as we get provisioned we start for the wild places—

VIOLET.

The hidden menagerie?

HAMMING.

Yes!

VIOLET.

We get provisioned, and then the animals get provisioned.

HAMMING.

[Laughs.] Have it your way.

VIOLET.

My way? The animals will have their way.

HAMMING.

[Rather fondly.] Will you promise—

VIOLET.

Tut, tut, wait, *wait*; there may be just "one shoe button" left of me when we invade the jungle. Would you be satisfied with a button?

HAMMING.

Don't joke like that—

VIOLET.

You could play "button, button, who's got the button?"

HAMMING.

Don't!

VIOLET.

"The button" might be better than "the mitten."

HAMMING.

[Looks at watch.] Time for Veldt's horse-back ride—

[Orchestra, big march, horse hoof imitation, etc.] [Full Chorus enter, stand back C.]

CHORUS ["To Horse."]

To horse, to horse, to horse,
My kingdom for a ride,
To horse, to horse, to horse,
My rifle's at my side,

Keep hearts in the right place,
Toot bugle for the chase,
Squadron A,
Here to-day,
For Rough Rider race!
Of course, of course, of course,
We'll beat them by a mile,
Of course, of course, of course,
We'll win in greatest style!

To horse, to horse, to horse,
If it's "your throw," I'll see,
Horse on you!
Or it's a horse on me!
Hobby horse is our latest hobby,
Wooden skate, for you he will wait,
Hobby horse, for exercise, he's great,
Never known to run away—
Hobby horse!

HAMMING.

[Recitative.]

Make way—for the King,
Maybe—he will sing!

[Orchestra fff. Big scene. Everybody looking R., with arms extended. VELDT is shoved on R., mounted on big hobby horse, Rough Rider costume; two smaller hobby horses are taken down stage after him and mounted by KODAK and HAMMING, one each side of VELDT. Attachment connected from floor to rockers, to

rock horses evenly, and in tempo with music. DUBB on tiny horse.]

[*Chorus back, principals at side, but not close.]*

VELDT.

[*Strikes familiar pose.]* What will they say, in Oyster Bay?

[*Orchestra. Horses rock to song tempo, and chorus sway likewise.]*

* * * * *

As Pipes' eyes glanced lovingly at the last word on the page, Mrs. Scooper dashed into the room, sobbing as though on the verge of hysterics.

"Why, wifey," began Scooper.

"Oh, oh, oh! I've been insulted; you've been insulted; Professor Pipes has been insulted. The horrible wretches!"

"What's the trouble, wifey?"

"The church choir is on the warpath, and held an indignation meeting on Mrs. Pipes' stoop. They said that you, Jack Scooper, broke up their rehearsal to-night, and they want Mr. Pipes' resignation."

"They can have it and gladly," said Pipes, "but I must hurry home and quiet Mrs. Pipes. Is she angry?"

"Not at you, but at the choir. They called you an 'old stove pipe,' and said you'd have to smoke up some other place. And they called my husband a penny-a-liner, whatever that is. I don't know, but it must be awful."

"It is awful. Good night," mumbled Pipes.

Mrs. Pipes was waiting for him, and when he warmed up and said even if he were a stove pipe he could smoke that choir out, he won his wife's esteem.

But when he went to sleep, he dreamed that the choir burned down the rehearsal room, where he had left the newly written music of "The Lion Hunter."

CHAPTER VI.

A TELEGRAM.

Jack Scooper now had an excuse, so he marched boldly into Pipes' house next morning, and, after consoling Mrs. Pipes for the action of the choir, he buttonholed Pipes in the hall, handed him more sheets of paper, saying: "I worked like a fiend last night after you left, and finished the great big hit number for Veldt, and a "race suicide song" for native nurse maids, besides the dialogue. The choir room is on the black list, so I'll stop over after supper. Bye bye, Millionaire Pipes."

And Pipes again secreted a mysterious package.

Later, under pretense of going to the rehearsal room to remove his belongings, he went there, and lingered until he knew by heart and had composed music for the lyrical part of the following:

* * * * *

VELDT.

[Sings, "What Will They Say, in Oyster Bay?"]

Tell me no more that Woodruff's vest—is the
“high sign”

Whisper it not the “wooly west”—can touch
my line,

I've got 'em beaten forty ways,
My stunt's to start the latest craze,
I've got 'em frazzled—in a daze,
They say in Oyster Bay.

REFRAIN.

What will they say—in Oyster Bay?
Are they lonely when I'm away?

I play to the grand stand and all that,
It's better than “grouching” in a flat,
Tackling the an'mals in the deep,
If I should put them all to sleep?

What will they say—in Oyster Bay—
Say in Oyster Bay?

II.

Tell me no more that Kankakee—is the best yet,
Crazier place we'll shortly see—will make you
fret!

Elephants, hippos, big giraffe,
Ev'rything on a circus staff,
I won't get scared—I'll only laugh,
They say in Oyster Bay:

REFRAIN.

What will they say—in Oyster Bay?
Are they lonely when I'm away?

To the Jungle's old circus we'll go,
Have red lemonade—see the big show,

'At Noah's Ark I'll take a crack—
 If I should forget to come back?
 What will they say—in Oyster Bay—
 Say in Oyster Bay?
 (AFTER SONG.)

[*Loud roaring and growling as of lions and tigers heard off stage. VELDT jumps from prop horse. All chorus and all principals run, screaming, off all exits. VELDT remains alone.*]

VELDT.

What means this "growler party?"

[*Lions prop heads appear from every wing.*]

VELDT.

[*Seeing them.*] Lie down, sirs! Don't phase 'em a bit. [Grins.]

[*Lions, about six, with men inside, sneak slowly out.*]

VELDT.

My rifle's gone! Nothing have I but five copies of my latest book. [Pulls them from coat pocket.]

[*1 lion makes spring. VELDT hurls book at his head, and he topples and rolls over as though dead.*]

[*Same business for 2, 3, 4, 5.*]

[*When 6 lion makes spring, VELDT hurls book, but only hits lion's tail.*]

[*Lion catches VELDT around waist.*]





"STOP—YOU'RE TICKLING ME!"

VELDT.

[*Roars with laughter.*] Stop—you're tickling me! Ha—He—he—he—he! [Suddenly.] I'm forgetting—I've got to kill you, you rascal—Sorry, too! [Struggles around, feeling for weapon.] Nothing but my fountain pen. [Struggles, taps lion over head with pen, and lion jumps in air and falls, dying.]

VELDT.

[*Glaring at him.*] The pen is mightier, all right. [Looks around at bodies.] All dead! [Poses.] What a picture for the Sunday edition. Ah!

[Enter SHERBANG, *lamenting and screaming, goes to each dead animal and fondles it, and weeps and wails.*]

VELDT.

My books did it! What will they do to the public?

SHERBANG.

[*Moans.*] Who killed them?

VELDT.

[*Proudly posing.*] I killed them!

SHERBANG.

[*Fiercely.*] Coward!

VELDT.

Coward! [Dances around.] Coward!! To save my life, and the lives of every man, woman and child near here. Coward—they'd have killed me.

SHERBANG.

[Moans.] Never touched anybody—they were *tame!*

VELDT.

[Shivering.] Tame!

SHERBANG.

Yes, *tame* as kittens. They play with the babies. O, my poor innocent pets—

VELDT.

How much? How much were your playmates worth?

SHERBANG.

\$5,000.

VELDT.

[Taking out check, signing and handing to her.] \$5,000. Poor woman! [Timidly.] Can I have the skins—the hides—of the gentle departed?

SHERBANG.

[Calls.] Boozoo! [Natives rush on and pull off animals' bodies. [To VELDT.] No, you cannot! [Exits disdainfully.]

VELDT.

[Amazed. Calls.] Bazoo! [Rushes around, picks up each book.] No, you cannot!

[Exits disdainfully, like SHERBANG.]

[Enter R., BOOLOOBBOO, followed by CHU, CHAW and CHOW.]

BOOLOOBEE.

[*Looks cautiously around.*] S-s-s-s-s-h! I
smell money!

CHU.

Me, too.

CHAW.

Um!

CHOW.

I from Zoozoo—show me.

BOOLOOBEE.

S-s-s-s-h!

CHU, CHAW AND CHOW.

S-s-s-s-h!

BOOLOOBEE.

We'll all be *Trusts*. I'll be *Elephant Trust*.

CHU.

I'll be *Rhinoceros Trust*!

CHOW.

I'll be *Hippo Trust*!

CHAW.

I'll be *Tiger Trust*!

BOOLOOBEE.

And we'll also severally form the *Zoo Trust*
to control everything.

CHU.

To shoot at rhinoceros—\$500.

CHAW.

To shoot at hippo—\$500.

CHOW.

To shoot at tiger—\$500.

BOOLOOBOO.

To hit anything—\$1,000; to kill anything—
\$5,000.

CHU.

O! He won't hit anything—

CHAW.

He just aim and hit a tree—

CHOW.

He won't shoot the Nile chutes—

BOOLOOBOO.

We better make it \$1,000 to carry a gun.

CHU.

Boozoo—

CHAW.

Zung Bung—

CHOW.

Chung—

BOOLOOBOO.

Zing—Bung—Bung—Bung—Beer!

[All dance gleefully, join hands, then
exit L.][Enter MY POLICIES at L., slowly drag-
ging himself along, wearily pulling
one foot after the other, pauses at C.]

POLICIES.

[*Looking sadly, front.*] Missed him again.
Will "his policies" never find him?

[*Sadly and slowly exits R.*]
[Enter Tom, DICK and HARRY, L., feeling slightly tipsy.]

DICK.

Your wife's looking for you.

TOM.

That's what drove me in the air-ship business.

HARRY.

You're all *right*, Wrong!

DICK.

Yes, Wrong's all right—all right, Wrong!

TOM.

I'm Wrong whether I'm right or not.

DICK.

We're the only original three—Tom, Dick and Harry. That's all right, Wrong, ain't it?

TOM.

Quit that right wrong, wrong right business.
How do you feel in Africa?

HARRY.

Feel? *Lonesome.* Oh, so *lonesome!*

DICK.

Lonesome? And your wife with you?

HARRY.

She ain't *with* me till she *catches* me.

DICK.

[Laughs.] He's all right, Wrong, ain't he?

TOM.

He's all *right*, *Wrong*. But stop—it sounds like German—all right, Wrong, ain't it?

HARRY.

I'm lonesome, too.

TOM.

I'm lonesome three. I bet we all would rather be playing pinochle home at Snyder's Cafe, with our wives home crying because we have to work so late. [Looking *L.*] Ye gods and little whales—look—look—

[DICK and HARRY look quickly *L.*]

DICK.

Mercy! What a growth!

HARRY.

Salt Lake City, Africa!

TOM.

Race Suicide—not! Let's elope—

[TOM, DICK and HARRY rush off *R.*]

(ORCHESTRA.)

[*Imitation of 100 babies crying at once, off stage.*]

(ORCHESTRA.)

[Enter six native girls, dressed nurse

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"WE DON'T BELIEVE IN 'RACE SUICIDE.'"

*fashion, each wheeling a double-deck
baby carriage, in which are at least
ten black babies. Five lower, five up-
per, each carriage. Parade in circle.
Imitation of crying, etc.]*

(ORCHESTRA.)

[*Nurse girls sing, "We Don't Believe in
'Race Suicide.'"]*

In New York City, we have read,
There is "no work" for Stork,
The janitor would bump his head,
And make the fam'ly walk;
But here we love the baby's coo—
A-cuddling by our side,
Maybe, because we never knew,
What's called "race suicide."

REFRAIN.

We don't believe in "race suicide,"
We love to take babes for a ride,
It's fun to watch them coo and climb,
Mister Stork's working overtime,
Bye-lo, Bye-lo,
Baby Bunting;
We don't believe in "race suicide,"
We love to take babes for a ride,
Maybe, because we never knew,
What's called "race suicide,"
Bye-lo, sweet baby mine,
Bye-lo, 'tis slumber time!

II.

In Jungletown 'tis different—
Fam'lies of "sixty-two;"

When pa is broke, without a cent,
 We'll tell you what he'll do;
 He'll take his bunch, at dead of night,
 Where an'mals make their beds—
 And those that do not die of fright—
 Lions bite off their heads.

REFRAIN.

[Exit L.]

* * * * *

When Pipes returned home in the afternoon, laden down with his fast increasing stack of opera music, his wife handed him a telegram.

Hastily tearing open the envelope, he read: "Ferdinand Pipes, Freelot, N. Y.: Meet me arrival five train to-night. Important. Scooper."

Then he handed it to his wife.

Then he hid the music, and then he went to the depot, and waited two hours for the train.

At five, Scooper alighted, and grabbed his arm.

"We've got to get on top speed, Pipes. Why, I wired you was because we have not a minute to lose. Every librettist in the country has an African comic opera. I got the tip straight. We have a good lead, but we must mow it down and get under the wire first. Speed is our only hope. Let's sit in the depot a minute and plan our battle. Here's a little tenor solo I wrote on the train coming home; look it over."

Pipes seated himself inside the station, and looked the following over, ejaculating: "Crackerjack, classy, etc."

(ORCHESTRA INTRO.)

[Enter KODAK R. Looks L., as though seeing some one in distance.]

KODAK.

There's Rose now, always going; would that she would come to me.

KODAK.

[*Tenor solo, "Come, My Own Love, to Me."*]

Could you read, my darling,

In my heart—my desires,

You would know, your love inspires

Thoughts of deeds, like wondrous tales you've heard,

Dreams sublime,

Like a Knight of olden time:

Lover bold, gay and free,

I will be brave, true, and ever near,

If you'll be—be my own true dear,

To defend, to the end,

To extend my heart, hand and my life to you only,

If you will be mine—be mine!

Come, love, to me,

My love, come to me!

REFRAIN.

Come, come, the time speeds on, dear,

Life's lost, when you're not near,

Come, love, my heart awaits you,

Here 'neath the heavens' blue;

Stars gleam, yet dim the starlight,

Your eyes are far more bright,

Your smiles—Life's Fortune, to me,
 Your voice—Love's Melody,
 I wait for you,
 Come, love, ah, do,
 Come, love, my own love, to me!

II.

Let your eyes, my darling,
 Eyes so blue—glance in mine;
 You will see my heart is thine;
 That your name and mine are written, love,
 In my heart,
 There forever—ne'er to part;
 I love you, only you,
 I'll be true, tho' strange loves come and go,
 My heart's thine—for I love you so;
 Be my own, mine alone,
 And we'll go thro' this life, by your side, my
 love, I'll be,
 If you will be mine—be mine,
 Come love, to me, my love to me!

REFRAIN.

Come, come, etc.

[*Exits L.*]

* * * * *

"That will keep you busy to-night, Pipes, but
 I'm lost for time. Guess I'll sprain my ankle."

"Sprain your ankle?"

"Yes." Then, with a wink, he added, "Make
 believe!"

"Oh, ho. I'm wise, Scooper."

"That's my only hope to get a week off. We'll

get some arnica, and the aroma and a piece of linen will be convincing evidence. Then I can work day and night until the book and lyrics are completed."

Ten minutes later, Ferdinand Pipes led Jack Scooper to his home. Jack was moaning audibly and limping dreadfully, while the odor of liniment scented the whole house.

It looked good for a week's vacation.

CHAPTER VII.

THAT SPRAIN.

'A man with a toothache may not be able to evolve anything entertaining, but a man with a sprained ankle? wrote the MS. below in one day, deducting time for groaning:

* * * * *

(ORCHESTRA.)

[Enter VELDT, C., pulling on a rope; gradually he pulls "the army" into view, as though he had lassoed them. Poses.]

VELDT.

Thought you'd escape. Couldn't think of it.
Line up! [Army lines up and trembles.]

VELDT.

You haven't arms, so I'll have to invent a new drill for you! You're a sweet-looking crew—look like pirates at Sunday School. Fine army—regular *East Pointers*—

"Tention, army! Time! First, we'll have baseball—the most important thing in baseball. [Throws handkerchief back C.] That's second base. Now, watch me. [Pretends to bat,

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W.M.L. HUDSON.

"NOW, COME ON, YOU MR. JOHNSONS!"

grunts, then runs like mad to wing L., then to handkerchief at C., jumps on it.] That's what you call touching second base! [Poses.] Now, you try that! [They each try ludicrously, VELDT shouting.] Run 'er down! Never get it! Safe, etc. [Other coaching chaff.] Great! McGraw might sign the army. [Poses.]

Now for football—a gentlemanly pastime. Say *Raw, Raw, Oyster Bay!*

ARMY.

Raw Raw—Oyster Bay!

VELDT.

[*Takes handkerchief.*] Now bunch together. This is the ball in my hand. I have to break through your line and touch goal. [Makes wild rush at them and they roll over like ten-pins. Poses.]

Easy—see how easy it's done. Now, for the best of all—boxing. You Africans must learn this game. Jack Johnson knows it. He's from Africa, Texas. [One pair gloves thrown out at wing.] See those nice little paddies. [Puts them on.] If they come near your nose—always remove your nose quickly from possible contact. That's the secret—being where the glove is *not!* I'm rushed to-day, so I'll have to take the whole army together. [Spars.] Now, come on, you Mr. Johnsons. [Spars and knocks them out, one by one.] [All lay prostrate on backs.]

VELDT.

[Poses.] I have whipped the African army!
 [Struts off L.]

[Enter BOOLOOBOO R., excited when he sees his army dead.]

BOOLOOBOO.

A battle! [Tenderly lifts head of one, who gasps.] How many fought against you?

SOLDIER.

[Groaning.] 50,000! [Falls back, deadlike.]

BOOLOOBOO.

50,000 against you! Brave boys! [Weeps.]
 [Ambulance ring. Red Cross nurses and doctors place bodies on stretchers and carry them off.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[To doctor.] What wounded them?

DOCTOR.

Knock-out drops!

BOOLOOBOO.

Ooo—oo—oo! Brave army!

[Ambulances ring, off stage and horse-hoof imitation. BOOLOOBOO follows, and exits weeping.]

[Enter GARDEN, KODAK, VIOLET, HAMMING, DUBB, SHERBANG, BOOHOO and BOOLOOBOO.]

CONCERTED.

[Sing "Old New York."]

GARDEN.

Oh, it's not so lonely here,

KODAK.

Never is when you are near,

VIOLET.

Really, this is jolly fun,

HAMMING.

Hope you'll make hearts one;

DUBB.

Happy I would be to quit job quick,

SHERBANG.

Don't forget the great big stick,

BOOHOO.

Soon we will see the jungle train,

BOOLOOBloo.

Hush! I think it looks like rain.

REFRAIN. (OCTETTE.)

My native country, thee,

Your shores we'd love to see,

And old New York—good old New York;

Soon, when we have killed our stack,

You bet, we will quick hike back,

To the only old New York,

If we have to walk!

II.

GARDEN.

But it's not dear Tennessee,

KODAK.

'Always is, when you I see,

VIOLET.

Show me, I'm from Missouri,

HAMMING.

Keep from lion's fury;

DUBB.

Would that I were back in Washington,

SHERBANG.

Run along, my little son,

BOOHOO.

My new dress will have jungle train,

BOOLOOBOO.

Hush! Your style gives them a pain.

REFRAIN. (OCTETTE.)

My native country, thee, etc.

[*Principals of concerted number on.**Chorus come on. Little girl near
edge of wharf, back C., suddenly cries
loudly.]*

GIRL.

Boo! I lost it.

GARDEN.

Lost what?

GIRL.

O! It fell into the sea.

VIOLET.

Poor child; what was it?

GIRL.

OO—oo—oo! A keepsake—

GARDEN.

Keepsake—was it money?

GIRL.

Yes.

VIOLET.

Isn't that sad? She lost her keepsake.

ALL.

Isn't it heartrending?

GARDEN.

Poor child.

GIRL.

[Weeps.] O, I want my keepsake!

[VELDT *rushes on.*]

VELDT.

Who dares to make excitement—except me?

GARDEN.

This poor child lost her keepsake—

VIOLET.

Down in the sea—

ALL.

Isn't it sad—

VELDT.

How deep is the sea?

BOOLOOBBOO.

1,000 feet.

VELDT.

Get my diving suit. Don't cry, little girl.
 [VELDT *rushes into diving suit, then dives into sea, head first.*]

HAMMING.

That's a new way for a diver to go down.

KODAK.

He wants to hurry to the bottom.

DUBB.

Going down—

GIRL.

[Weeps.]

GARDEN.

What's the matter now?

GIRL.

O, I want to see that funny man again—

GARDEN.

He'll be back—and have your keepsake.

(CHORUS, *all ff.*)

Down! Down!! Down!!!

Down in the bottom of the deep,

Down where the frightened reptiles creep,

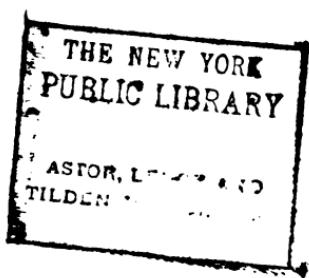
Down where the lonely mermaids weep,

Down! Down!! Down!!!

Down in the bottom of the deep!

[Repeat until VELDT reappears.]

[VELDT *appears, shows small coin in hand, then pulls up bundles of things with other.*]





**"DASHING IN FRONT OF THEM—I SWUNG RIGHT
AND LEFT!"**

VELDT.

[*Removing diver rig.*] I got the keepsake.
[*Looks at it.*] It's a cent with a hole in it.

ALL.

Keepsake—cent with a hole in it—

VELDT.

[*To little girl.*] Is that the keepsake?

GIRL.

O, yes, sir; thank you.

VELDT.

Ach, Lewi! I feel "dippy." Taking the census. Never mind. Neptune had a *bargain day*. [*Pulls over bundle.*] I've got a shark—an octopus. [*Dramatically.*] As soon as I reached bottom—I heard a scream—and horrors—this shark and this octopus were rushing at a *beautiful mermaid*—dashing in front of them—I swung right and left—Bang—Bang. They took the count and the *mermaid was saved*—

GARDEN.

Where is she?

BOOLOOBOO.

[*Aside.*] A fish story!

VELDT.

The mermaid is *here*. [*Pulls her into view, mermaid with seaweed hair, fish tails, etc.*] [*To mermaid.*] Allow me to present you to society. [*Bows.*] What do you call your home below?

MERMAID.

Philadelphia—

VELDT.

[Smiles.] You will like it here.

MERMAID.

No! No!

VELDT.

And why—

MERMAID.

Too strenuous!! [Dives into sea, followed by shark and octopus.]

VELDT.

Frazzled!!! [Dives in after her.]

(ORCHESTRA.)

ALL.

A race—

HAMMING.

A water Marathon—

KODAK.

Mermaid leads by a splash—

DUBB.

Veldt second by a snuffle—

[All principals and chorus walk slowly off, watching the race at sea, singing.]

He dived for a cent, and he caught a shark,
Attacking a maid down in Neptune's Park,
The girl got her cent, but the maid turned tail,
Now, watch the Marathon—Veldt in full sail!

[Exit all.]

[Enter MY POLICIES slowly, peering through spy glass out to sea.]

POLICIES.

Och! He's all at sea. [*Waves handkerchief, then slowly exits.*]

[Enter MRS. TOM, MRS. DICK and MRS. HARRY, at L., nervously looking about.]

[Enter TOM, DICK and HARRY, at R., dejected.]

[Three ladies rush into arms of three men.]

MRS. TOM.

Save me!

TOM.

From what?

MRS. DICK.

Cannibals.

DICK.

Cannibals? You've been reading dime novels again—

MRS. HARRY.

No, they've planned to eat our party.

HARRY.

Cannibals?

MRS. TOM.

Yes.

TOM.

You mean Democrats, I guess.

MRS. DICK.

O, this is no time for joking—

DICK.

I'm too lonesome to joke.

MRS. HARRY.

I'm too scared to think.

HARRY.

I want to go home——

MRS. TOM.

I want to go home——

MRS. DICK.

I want to go home——

MRS. HARRY.

I want to go home——

TOM.

Will you treat your husbands good if we take
you home?

THREE LADIES.

Yes.

DICK.

And give five nights a week out——

THREE LADIES.

Six.

HARRY.

And get in at 12?

THREE LADIES.

Two—three——

THREE MEN.

Agreed. For we're so lonesome, too, we can't
see——

ALL.

Home!!!

[*Join hands and dance around.*]
(ORCHESTRA.)

TOM, DICK, HARRY AND WIVES.

[*Sing "I Want to go Back, Back Away Back Home."*]

(MEN.)

The "feather white" may not be brave for men
to show,

But when you're homesick, home you must go,
No fairy tale at all when you can't sleep a wink,
But, worst of all, can't eat or drink;

(GIRLS.)

There's style and gossip to be figured in, O my,
And neighbors, dear, that we can guy,
Besides, we can't show off new dress or hat,
Now, ladies, wouldn't you get homesick at that?

REFRAIN (ALL).

We want to go back, back, back, away back
home,

It's sad to think, think, think, with my think
dome,

It's hard to be frisky and gay,
When your heart is miles away,
We want to go back, back, back, away back
home!

II.

(MEN.)

The weather man may say it will be fair or rain,
But when you're homesick, you have a pain,

If only you could chase yourself home rapidly,
But, worst of all—can't swim the sea;

(GIRLS.)

We'd walk and gladly to get back home again,
Of course we will get there, but when?
Besides, who feeds our little pussy cat?
Now, ladies, wouldn't you get homesick at that?

REFRAIN. (ALL.)

We want to go back, etc.

[Exit sadly.]

[*Semi-dark stage. Three or four dark-clothed Secret Service men with bushy whiskers and dark lanterns, like cartoons, sneak, hide behind different props, then appear in sight again.*]

[Enter DUBB, reading note book.]

[*Secret Service men peek over his shoulder, flash lanterns on book, etc.; lots of comedy dodging about; two might get their whiskers caught together.*]

DUBB.

[*Sits on bench, reads aloud.*] He is a *molly coddle*. Hum! No, I cannot loan my muck-rake. [Aside.] I have trouble reading my frenzied shorthand notes—they're fierce in English, but frescoes in shorthand. [Reads aloud.] Malefactors of great wealth—swollen fortunes—'tis time the tainted money was thrown in the garbage pile. Abolish the vermiform appendix—the Vice-Presidency. Shoot Cannon out of Congress. Kill all cartoonists.

[Secret service men have been doing all kinds of stunts during reading. DUBB yawns, falls asleep. Book drops on stage. Secret Service men tear out pages, and distribute among themselves. Hide. S. S. men exit.

[Enter HAMMING, sees DUBB.]

HAMMING.

[Shouts in DUBB'S ear.] Brooklyn! Change for Coney Island!

DUBB.

[Awakening. Lights up.] Oh! My notes!

HAMMING.

Notes—I'm not discount clerk.

DUBB.

[Takes book.] Ah! It's here.

HAMMING.

When do we start inland?

DUBB.

To-night, if the moon is full.

HAMMING.

If the moon is full?

DUBB.

Yes.

HAMMING.

Why?

DUBB.

No electric franchise in Africa.

HAMMING.

We go by railroad.

DUBB.

650 miles to Lake Nyanza.

HAMMING.

Then—

DUBB.

Khartoum—

HAMMING.

Yes—

DUBB.

Then down the Nile to Cairo—

HAMMING.

Or down some wild beast's throat—

DUBB.

Oh, my malaria!

HAMMING.

Will your malaria bother you?

DUBB.

Yes.

HAMMING.

That's too bad.

DUBB.

Yes.

HAMMING.

You have some consolation—

DUBB.

What's that?

HAMMING.

You may get rid of it *suddenly!*

DUBB.

How?

[HAMMING gulps as though swallowing.
DUBB shivers, and both exit R.]

[Enter BOOLOOBOO, CHU, CHAW and
CHOW, L., carry cans labeled "white
paint."]

BOOLOOBOO.

White elephants—\$1,000—dearer.

CHU CHU.

With targets painted on—\$1,500—more.

CHAW CHAW.

White rhinoceroses—\$2,000—more.

CHOW CHOW.

White Rats—American Kind—\$5,000.

BOOLOOBOO.

This idea to paint the animals is a cracker.

CHU CHU.

Paint zoo zoo—

CHAW CHAW.

Paint oo—oo—

BOOLOOBOO.

Paint ski-doo!

[Crash, off stage. All exit quickly with
pails, R.]

CHAPTER VIII.

FINALE, ACT I.

Mrs. Jack Scooper telephoned to New York City that her husband had sprained his ankle, and received the regrets of the office force, so Scooper was free to write opera.

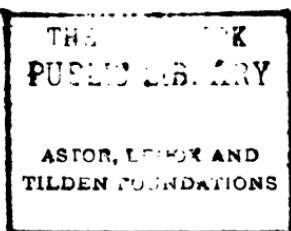
Ferdinand Pipes made several starts to cross the lawn, and visit Jack, but he was signaled back each time by Scooper in the window.

After supper, Pipes could stand the suspense no longer, and he went next door. There he found Jack pounding a typewriting machine for dear life, with sheets of opera parts scattered promiscuously about. Jack paused just a second to look up and say:

"I'm into the finale, first act, Pipes, where I bring everybody on and assemble them for the climax. They start for the jungle, leaving Mom-bassa to-night."

"And I'll write the music to-night, Scooper; I'm just crazy to get at it."

"Tell you what we'll do, Pipes. There's an old square piano down in the parlor. Help me down with these papers, and we'll not stop until we finish this finale."





"I'll finish, or you'll see my finish."
So they locked themselves in the parlor.
At midnight—they were toiling like fiends.
At two o'clock—they were still going.
At three o'clock—they were running, though
gasping.

At four o'clock—they finished the finale, viz.:

* * * * *

FINALE, ACT I. THE MOON, BACK STAGE.

[*Electric bulbs dropped from flies, wings,
etc., and scene illuminated prettily.
Moonlight on water, etc.*]

FINALE.

[*Enter Chorus, natives, looking at moon.*]
There's a new man in the moon,

A new face in the sky,
There'll be something doing soon,
Or know the reason why;
There's a frown upon his brow,
His glasses plainly show,
His teeth grit:
"Do it now!"

And what he says—must go!

[*Form, back stage.*]

[*Enter Chorus, R., Native Army, black
eyes, bandages and crutches, looking
at moon.*]

There's the face that haunts us day and night,
Look at us—the Army is a sight,
We are sick and sore and lame,
From the little "boxing game,"

Ev'ry time we think—we get a fright!
 There's the man that put us out of biz,
 Made our old "grand army" what it is,
 Course we have to wear a crutch—
 Don't amount to very much,
 But, goodness, gracious—don't he make us whiz!
 [Form side stage L.]

[Enter Chorus, L., Secret Service Men,
 business, sneaking and flashing dark
 lanterns.]

Boys—That Noise!
 A plotter must be hatching,
 Some—plot deep—
 A rascal must be patching,
 Ssssh!—Steal near—
 The Secret Service way,
 Douse—your glim—
 For that's what they all say!
 What—was that?
 A Senator is drinking,
 No—not so—
 'Twas just my "thirsty thinking!"
 Ssssh!—Skidoo!—
 The moon is onto you!
 So it's "us to the wood,"
 And while our shoes are good—Away!

[Exit R.]

[Enter, L., SHERBANG and BOOHO. See
 moon.]

There's the man that killed the pets of mine,
 Tame and timid—ev'ry little lion,



"THAT AFRICAN GRAND ARMY."



He thought he had raised the very dickens,
But they wouldn't have harmed the "little
chickens."

When I tame a dozen or two more,
Send a postal—he'll come with a roar,
He will kill them, never fear,
Then I'll buzz into his ear,
Till, you bet, this hunter pays my score!

[Repeat. Form, side stage, R.]

[Enter TOM, DICK and HARRY and wives,
R., shiver, seeing moon.]

Gee, there is no chance for us to run,
He's wise to our moves, yes, ev'ry one,
We thought we were very sly,
But his face there in the sky,
Puts us back, back upon our job—we're done!

[Repeat. Form, side stage, R.]

[Enter BOOLOOBOO, CHU, CHAW and
CHOW, with cans labeled "Paint," L.
See moon.]

BOOLOOBOO [Solo.]

Quick, my boys, and hide the paint,
We'll make the animals what they ain't,
There's my army, few,
Looking mussed up, too;
Careful, now, brave boys, and don't you faint!
BOOLOOBOO and CHU, CHAW and CHOW.
We have a scheme,
A pipe, a dream,
'Twill make us all,
Rich men, for life,

It is red hot,
 Our own fine plot,
 But you must not tell your wife,
 For she might say
 To you some day,
 That you were surely not a saint,
 That you had daubed—
 That you had slobbed
 Our whole dark jungle with "white paint."

[*Form, side stage, L.*]

[*Enter all principals, except VELDT and DUBB, coming down stage.*]

(CHORUS.)

To the jungle, jungle,
 We will go to-night,
 Follow moon,
 Very soon,
 With your silv'ry light;
 To the jungle, jungle,
 We will go to-night,
 Follow moon,
 Very soon,
 With your silv'ry light;

GARDEN [*Solo.*]

To the dear old Jungle,
 We will go to-night,
 Follow moon,
 Very soon,
 With your silv'ry light—

(CHORUS.)

To the dear old jungle,
We will go to-night.

GARDEN.

Follow moon,
Very soon,
With your silv'ry light.

(CHORUS.)

To the dear old jungle,
We will go to-night,
Follow moon,
Very soon,
With your silv'ry light.

KODAK.

And I will follow,
Dear one, at your side,
My own dear heart,
Your falt'ring steps to guide,
Fear not, for I love you alone,
My heart and life—
Are yours, my own, my own!

VIOLET.

That is very pretty talk,
But when you chance to walk,
Into a lion on the watch for you,
He'll smack his lips and grin,
As he growls: "This time, I win,
What a delightful feed—these two—these
two!"

HAMMING.

Fear not, little one, I'll watch o'er you,
 Your saf'ty I'll not forget,
 Something will have to eat me, too,
 If something eats my Violet!
 [All salute, bowing to entrance, wing C.
 L. Orchestra ff.]

(CHORUS.)

Behold, behold, the explorer great
 It's told, he's bold, the lion's checkmate;
 He'll try to wipe the jungle off the slate,
 Behold—the explorer great!

[Enter VELDT, hunting costume, down C.,
 followed meekly by DUBB.]

VELDT [Recitative.]

Thanks, my friends,
 For this grand reception,
 True hearts, like yours,
 Could not breathe deception.

VELDT.

[Strikes fierce pose and sings.]

Fear not, fear not,
 The worst is yet to come,
 I'll blot the lot
 Or I will get rum-dum,
 But a bungle in the jungle, must not be,
 All the wrangle and the tangle, leave to me!
 I'll fill the bill,
 I'm in my "hunting jeans,"
 I'll sling a quill
 For all the Magazines,

Make a "bingle" that will tingle—History,
Fear not, fear not,
The worst is yet to come!

DUBB.

[*Hands message to VELDT.*]
Here's a wireless that you got,
Seems to me its rather hot,
And sarcastic in one spot,
Rather sarcastic in one spot!

VELDT.

What's this? A message! [*Reads.*]
Dunder and Blitzer—Pinchot—
I thought he was too busy,
Awfully busy—with a "Senate Fight!"
[*Reads from paper.*]
"I hope that you are well and that you're safe at
Mombassa,
And that you remain well and bright,
Till the dark, cold, deary night,
In the jungle, jungle!"
And a postscript: Let every lion do its duty,
WALL STREET.
[*End of message.*]
'Tis very plain in ev'ry line,
What meant he—
He hopes in the jungle I'll "get mine,"
Good and plenty!
[*My POLICIES drags himself on.*]

VELDT.

My Policies, alas, alack. What brings you back?

VELDT.

My Policies! O dear. O dear. What brings
 you here—
 From Washington? My Policies!

POLICIES.

Bing! [Crash.] They kicked me out!—and
 Pinchot!

Big Bill Taft
 Surely must have gone daft,
 To give you the G. B.,
 You're ostracised,
 I am so surprised,
 But don't you mind, My Policies,
 Come here!
 [POLICIES falls on VELDT's shoulder.]

(CHORUS.)

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
 Boolooboo
 To the jungle, the jungle,
 The mungle, chungle, jungle!

(CHORUS.)

To the jungle, jungle!
 [Whistle blows, bells ring, all principals
 take suit cases from wings, etc. VELDT
 strikes fierce pose.]

GARDEN AND KODAK.

With the hunter bold, like a knight of old,
 Seeking for adventures new, we all follow—fol-
 low you!

(CHORUS.)

Lead on, lead on, and we will follow you,
Lead on, lead on, into the jungle, too;
We, like you, all seek adventures new,
Lead on, lead on, and we will follow you!

GARDEN AND KODAK.

Soon the lion's howl, and the tiger's growl,
In jungle deep, the timid weep, will haunt our
sleep, make our flesh creep!

(CHORUS.)

Howl and growl, fierce prowlers of the night,
Fight and bite, but keep out of our sight,
Lions roar, wild birds soar, wild-cats growl,
tigers howl!

GARDEN AND KODAK.

Fear not, fear not,
For the Lion Hunter is a thoroughbred, great,
He shoots to kill, gun never still,
Keeps on until he's had his fill!

(CHORUS.)

For he is a hunter dandy,
With his gun he's ever handy,
He is the real jungle candy, hunter great!
Hear them cry, when he's nigh,
By and by, watch them die!

GARDEN AND KODAK.

To-night! To-night!
He who enters in the jungle—
Leaves fear and his nerves—behind!

(CHORUS.)

For he is a hunter dandy,
 With his gun he's ever handy,
 He is the real Jungle Candy—
 Leaves fear and "his nerves"—To-night!
 [General animation. Picture—all ready
 for departure. Moon could "make
 faces" or "go out," when VELDT looks
 at him.]

CURTAIN.

(END OF ACT I.)

* * * * *

'At five o'clock they gave a complete review of the entire first act, while—

The family doctor, whom Mrs. Scooper had summoned, listened outside the parlor door and nodded sadly to the librettist's wife, and—

Five uniformed policemen waited close by, ready to break in the door at a signal from the doctor.

Mrs. Pipes also sobbed in a corner.

At six o'clock Scooper turned the key in the lock, and a second later both he and Pipes were in the strong arms of the law, under suspicion as lunatics and grabbed for the safety of the public.

And it consumed **one** hour of Scooper's valued minutes to prove satisfactorily to the law and medical representatives, that no saner men resided in Freeloat than Pipes and himself, and that they had only been—working.

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CHAPTER IX.

THE BARRICADE.

It was Sunday.

The writers of "The Lion Hunter" were deaf to the call of the Muse. They were both in a sleep that their wives could not awaken them from, and their only compositions were—snores. Snores in all keys.

Opera writing may seem an indolent pastime, but when written under pressure it's not such uproarious fun.

The librettist, being the pacemaker, returned from Sleepland first. Only a short time for lunch elapsed before he was at the second act. How delightful the words "second act" sounded. But they meant more speed, and if he fell down all was lost.

The clicking of the typewriter announced the rise of the curtain. He began with an author's note, which read like a circus advertisement, but let's read over his shoulder:

* * * * *

ACT II.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Reference to "Jungle Scene."

SCENE I, ACT II.

Jungle or *tropical wilderness* scene could be made very elaborate by *moving views* on drop, back stage, and *moving floor*, for Veldt and party to walk upon.

Particular attention is directed to opening of Jungle Scene. A lifelike lion—the King of the Jungle—announces himself, and hushed are all other animals when he roars. Then for a *decided novelty* the lion *roars alone several strains*, accompanied by orchestra, and is answered in a *sort of chorus by all the other animals*.

Lion song effect might be produced by right-toned auto horn.

(Two monkeys imitating Veldt's every move make strong comedy.)

ACT II.

SCENE I.

[[*Jungle Scene. Beautiful tropical vari-colored flora, etc. Four or five trees that can be climbed, or things tacked on. In all a magnificently colored and lighted setting, per descriptive articles on African tropic details.*]]

[[*Curtain—sounds in distance of birds singing and chirping, many tones; tigers and lions roaring, elephants bellowing, monkeys chattering, etc., etc. For brevity we will call the many*]]

noisy sounds hereafter in MS.—Zoo business.]

[Enter stealthily at R. large (property) male lion, moves with catlike tread to C., pauses, sniffs, wags tail, and opens huge mouth—howls—Zoo business ceases, all is still—howls again—everything else is silent. He is King!]

(ORCHESTRA.)

[*Lion Song, orchestra accompaniment.*]

LION.

Rrrrr—Rrrrr—Rrr—Rrrr—
 Grrrr—Grrr—Rrr—Rrr—
 Ssspit—Rrr—eow—oo—
 eow—oo—eow—
 eow—oo—eow—
 Oo—oo—oo—oo—oo—eow
 Sssspit—Sssspit—Grrr—Grrr—wow!

(CHORUS.)

[*Just big Zoo business, accompaniment of orchestra. Time tempo pauses, emphasized heavily.*

[*At end lion howls alone just once, all others silent, then he sniffs two or three times, and stealthily exits L.*]

(ORCHESTRA.)

[Enter native hunters, R., black bodies, just apron, with spears. Looking as though on trail of lion.]



“HE IS KING!—MAYBE; ALAS—POOR G. O. P.”

CHORUS, NATIVES.

King of the forest wild,
Is the lion in yonder path,
Grand is this nature's child,
But fearful is his wrath;
Quick as a cat to surprise
The hunter in his way,
And frightful his howls and cries,
Wh'n he seeks his prey!
The Lion! The Lion!
The King of the wild!

[Repeat.]

[Then business of stealthily following lion. Exit L. Zoo business.]

[Enter from flies two acrobats, dressed as monkeys, climbing down a tree, do a minute or two of acrobatics.]

[Enter large animal, bites one of their tails; monkeys climb up trees, and animal exits. Zoo business.]

[Enter BOOLOOBOO, CHU, CHAW and CHOW with white paint brushes and all pulling on two small elephants, nearly all painted white.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[Painting finishing touches on elephants.] A white elephant while you wait. \$1,000 more for this brand. [To others.] When we fix up a few sacred cows and giraffes—we'll be monopolists—

CHU.

The signs!

BOOLOOBOO.

Yes, yes! [Gives elephants a kick, and they exit.] Yes, the signs! Here, Chu. [Hands No. 1 sign.] The tree! Here, Chaw. [Hands No. 2 sign.] The other tree! Here, Chow. [Hands No. 3 sign.] The ground!

[CHU rushes and tacks sign on tree.

CHAW rushes and tacks sign on other tree. CHOW fastens his sign in ground. BOOLOOBOO fastens No. 4 sign on wing. Signs read:

No. 1. "Do not Feed or Annoy the Animals."

No. 2. Private, "No Trespassing."

No. 3. "Keep off the Grass."

No. 4. "Fines—Shooting one animal, \$5,000; Aiming at one Animal, \$1,000; Thinking About It, \$500."

[All stand off and admire. White elephant appears. BOOLOOBOO grabs black crayon, and marks on side No. 5, or fastens this sign on:

No. 5. "Shoot Fest in Jungle To-night. Admission, \$1,000.

[Elephant exits.]

BOOLOOBOO.

There—there's what I call *American art!*

CHU.

What a surprise!

CHOW.

It is to laugh!

CHAW.

A jungle joke!

BOOLOOBOO.

No joke! It's making our fortunes. What will Veldt and his party say? Nothing! It will be a case like the little boy, who goes in swimmin', and while he's enjoying himself in the water, his playmates on shore tie his clothes in knots—

CHU.

What game is that?

BOOLOOBOO.

Chaw raw beef!

ALL.

[*Smiling.*] Chaw! Chaw! Chaw raw beef!

[*Zoo business.*]

ORCHESTRA INTRO.

[*Song, "Chaw! Chaw! Chaw Raw Beef!"*]

BOOLOOBOO, CHAW, CHU AND CHOW.

[*Sing Chaw, Chaw, Chaw Raw Beef!*]

The air was nice and balmy,
And the water it was fine,
So Willie thought that he'd go in
And cut a monkey-shine;
His playmates they were hiding,
But poor Willie saw them not,
So while he was in swimmin',
They tied his clothes in a knot.

REFRAIN.

Chaw ! Chaw ! Chaw ! Chaw ! Chaw ! raw beef !
 The beef was awful tough,
 Poor Willie had enough,
 And what do you suppose ?
 He went home without much clothes !
 Chaw ! Chaw ! Chaw raw beef !

II.

There was a man named Cannon,
 And he stopped in Washington,
 He was the real old Cannon ball
 In the new Tariff Gun ;
 He cut and slashed all tariffs,
 Them into a knot he tied,
 Then left the snarl for Big Bill—
 For big Bill Taft to decide.

REFRAIN.

Chaw ! Chaw ! Chaw ! Chaw ! Chaw raw beef !
 Tariffs were awful tough,
 Revision quite enough,
 He worked for forty days,
 And he changed it ninety ways,
 Chaw ! Chaw ! Tariff beef.
 [Look R., point off at some one, exit L.]
 [Zoo business. Orchestra ff, strains of
 "Fear Not" or march.]
 [Enter VELDT, principals and chorus.]

(CHORUS ff.)

In Jungle town, in Jungle town,
 Where the wild beasts roar and roam,

We'll settle down, we'll settle down,
And make ourselves to home;

[*Repeat.*]

* * * * *

When Scooper wrote thus far, he began to think of and worry about Pipes. What if he had collapsed and was sick. Ye gods, good-by, opera! There was only one safe thing to do, and that was to hook on to Pipes and not let him out of sight until it was all done.

Acting under the inspiration to kidnap Pipes, he placed his MS. and papers in his pocket and headed for the home of Ferdinand.

But the composer was watching for him, and waiting—to be kidnapped, or be anything else, if it meant the possible success of the opera.

“Tell your wife I want you to go to the doctor’s with me, brother Pipes, and bring your music with you,” were Scooper’s first words.

Pipes hastily informed his better half, and she recommended Pipes having the doctor look him all over, too.

It was nine o’clock in the evening when they left.

Instead of taking Pipes to the doctor’s, Scooper unfolded a scheme whereby he and Pipes could have solitude. And it was to hire a little furnished house they knew was untenanted in town, and barricade themselves in.

And they did.

The piano on the premises served Pipes excel-

lently, though Scooper was doomed to longhand, or to return home for his typewriter.

Thus the music of the second act commenced, while the librettist took the lead again, to manufacture "more copy," both lost to the world, protected by a barricade of furniture.

CHAPTER X.

HUNGRY.

Pipes could not sleep very well in a strange bed, consequently he was up early the next morning, and as hungry as a bear. There was nothing in the house to eat. Perceiving Scooper's last pages on a table, he perused them, striving to forget his hunger.

* * * * *

VELDT.

[*Poses, recitative.*] Welcome to my playground!!

[*Two monkeys climb down and imitate VELDT; hereafter they follow and do exactly what VELDT does.*]

VELDT.

[*Seeing signs.*] The signs! [All look.] The newspaper men have been here first. [*Clinches hands.*] Oh! If you were only here now! But heads or tails, I win! I've got what's required—Nerve!

VELDT.

[*As big tiger puts head out at wing.*] Scat! Scat!

[VELDT makes fierce face, as though hypnotizing tiger. Tiger yawns and disappears.]

VELDT.

Not quite ready for him yet! All that is required is "Nerve!"

(ORCHESTRA INTRO., "Nerve.")

VELDT.

[Sings "Nerve."]

It don't require money,
 It don't require brains,
 To get thro' life, if you have grains—of
 nerve;
 It makes a man a winner,
 Gets him a dandy dinner,
 The nervy cuss, he gets the gains—
 observe;
 Your head, upon its axis,
 Is ever dodging taxes,
 And thinking deep, how your wealth you'll
 preserve,
 Your neighbor worth a billion,
 Swears off ev'ry million,
 Because he is made up of health—
 and "Nerve."

REFRAIN.

All that is required is—Nerve,
 N-E-R-V-E-!
 In ev'ry business, don't care what it is,
 The "nervy rule" you must observe;
 All that is required is—Nerve,
 N-E-R-V-E-!

Then life will be a joke. Oh, you will ne'er be
broke,

With that beautiful asset—"Nerve."

[Chorus repeat ff.]

II.

VELDT.

Down here in the tropics,

It's the best of topics,

For here you must show fiercest kind—of
nerve,

When a beast approaches,

On your dream encroaches,

Don't be afraid—they'll get what
they—deserve;

He might be thin or thinner,

And badly want his dinner,

Tho' you might make a sandwich great—
observe—

Get near this hungry jigger,

Then quickly pull the trigger,

For all the game requires is—Nerve.

REFRAIN.

All that is required is—Nerve, etc., etc.

[Chorus repeat ff.]

[Here could be repeated VELDT's rapid-fire busy day business, calling for his DUBB, photographer, boxer, fencer, shooting irons, etc., etc., for "exercise." As in Act I, except Book of Life end.]

[Two monkeys imitate the whole business.]

[At end the painted white elephant appears at wing.]

VELDT.

[Loudly.] The White Elephant! A prize! A prize! [Gets ready to pursue.]

BOOLOOBOO.

[Quickly hands VELDT a legal paper.]

VELDT.

[Reads, gasping.] An injunction!

BOOLOOBOO.

[Nods yes.]

VELDT.

[Reads.] Restraining me from disturbing the peace of the Jungle. Signed, Elephant Trust, Rhinoceros Trust, Tiger Trust, Combined Trusts, and endorsed by the African Society, Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

BOOLOOBOO.

[Points to signs.]

VELDT.

Bah, I'll fight the Jungle and your Trusts, too. It's my specialty. Trust—bah! Injunction—Bah! bah!!

BOOLOOBOO.

You uphold injunctions?

VELDT.

Yes, my policy, in the United States, but here your States are not united, so I'll hold up this injunction—

BOOLOOBBOO.

[*Looks puzzled.*]

[*White elephant appears again.*]

VELDT.

The chase!! The White Prize!! The chase!!!

[*Rushes off after elephant, followed by all, except GARDEN.*]

(CHORUS.)

The Chase! The Chase!!

The elephant sets the pace,

It is such fun, to see him run,

Oh, what a jolly race!

The Chase! The Chase!!

He is a grand white prize,

What can we do, this party few,

With a trophy of that size?

[*Repeat. DUBB removes signs. All exit eagerly. Zoo business.*]

[*Rose GARDEN loiters behind.*]

GARDEN.

What a delightful country this is. So weird and yet so beautiful. If he loves me not, I bid him farewell—"Tis better so!

(ORCHESTRA, INTRO.)

GARDEN.

[*Sings, "'Tis Better So."*]

My heart it sings a melody,

So sweetly sad, dear love, to me,

The birds repeat it in the dell,

And to the world my secret tell;

It is the song of love and gold,
 The saddest story ever told,
 If you, my love, from me would go,
 I'd sigh and say—
 Though it broke my heart—
 'Tis better so.

II.

You stole into my life one day,
 And took my heart with you away,
 I lonely be when you're not near,
 Your voice is music ever dear;
 Yet, if it is not so to be,
 Returned, dear love, this ecstasy,
 If you regret—from me would go,
 I'd sigh and say
 Though it broke my heart—
 'Tis better so!

[At end of song, natives sneak on, led by
 BOOLOORO, and make ROSE GARDEN
 captive. Orchestra tremolo. BOOLOO-
 BOO motions, and they disappear off
 stage, carrying her. When others are
 gone.]

BOOLOOBEE AND CHU, CHOW AND CHAW.

[Laughing and holding sides, sing.]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
 He! He! He! He!
 We shake with laughter,
 For it's money we're after,
 Just like any common grafted,

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
[BOOLOOBOO tucks sign on tree.]



On this piece of jungle paper
They can see our little caper,
We demand a bully ransom,
Which to pay they'll have to go some.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha!
Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!
Ha! ha! ha! ha! he! he! he! he!
Ho! ho! ho! ho ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Ho! ho! ho! ho!

[Short Zulu dance and exit. Zoo business.]

[MY POLICIES enters, slowly, with suitcase, etc., funeral tempo, sits dejectedly at C., shakes his head sadly, nods off to sleep.]

[Enter gigantic (prop.) elephant slowly, pauses when he sees POLICIES, goes directly over him, puts down his trunk, swallows POLICIES, leaving his hat, case and shoes on ground.]

[*Elephant slowly exits, with Policies inside.*] [Zoo business.]

DUBB.

[*Off stage.*] *Let me be, you ain't Veldt!*
Wish I had the "sleeping fever" like Tom, Dick
and Harry. Oh! Let me be!

[*Two monkeys enter, dragging DUBB be-
tween them.*]

DUBB.

Let me go, I say!

[*Monkeys pose like VELDT, with glasses
and hats. Then soak DUBB over head
with big sticks.*]

DUBB.

Quit this monkey business.

[*Monkeys kick him, pummel him.*]

DUBB.

Oh! That hurts!

[*Monkeys continue to pound him, with
VELDT gestures, and finally leave him
stretched out on ground. Monkeys
exit. Zoo business.*]

* * * * *

The music of Veldt's "Nerve" song aroused Scooper from his slumbers, but he was so groggy that it was several minutes before he could make himself realize where he was. When he did, he also realized that his stomach was empty.

Then he began to worry again about Pipes giving out and not being able to complete his music.

And Pipes, when he noted Scooper's haggard appearance, he, too, had gloomy visions of Scooper going to pieces.

To finish the opera they must have food.

Pipes having all his music written, had time on his hands waiting for Jack's fresh supply, which time he devoted to peeping through the blinds for a stray milkman or a baker's wagon.

All the funds in treasury for the seige amounted to \$3.77, Pipes contributing his entire wealth of 83 cents and Scooper \$2.94.

Four long, fretful hours passed by before the starving Pipes had an opportunity to hail baker and milkman for supplies.

Then, as he and Scooper ate ravenously, he noticed a telephone on the wall.

"D— fool was I," grumbled Pipes, between bites. "There's a phone. I could have rung up a bakery in a minute, and I waited four hours for a baker."

"Don't kick," grinned Scooper. "It only meant a 'loaf' either way."

CHAPTER XI.

A STRENUOUS STRIDE.

* * * * *

[Enter BOOLOOBOO, followed by army.]

BOOLOOBOO.

The jungle seems deserted to-day. The animals must be nearly all on the other side. [To army.] We'll trot out our stuffed giraffe on rollers, so Veldt won't get lonesome—

[Zoo business.]

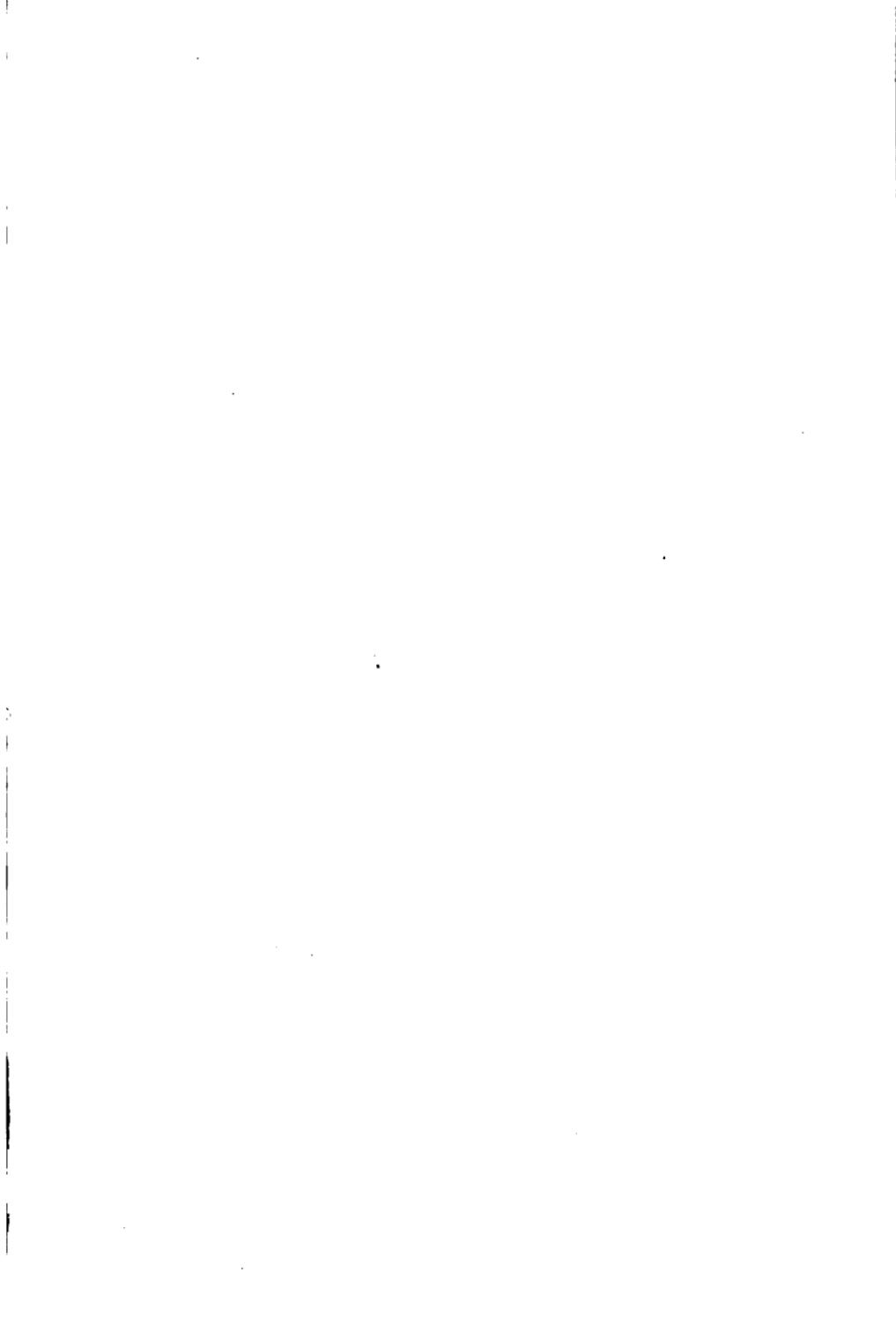
[They all go to wing and pull on giraffe, leave it at C., take rope to other side of stage and exit, laughing.]

(ORCHESTRA.)

[Enter VELDT, alone, cautiously, does not see DUBB. Sees giraffe, aims gun, fires. VELDT looks surprised that giraffe didn't move. Aims gun, fires again. VELDT more surprised. Aims gun, fires two or three times.]

VELDT.

[Calling, looking at wing.] Hey, Hamming,





"I'VE FOUGHT THIS GIRAFFE TO A STANDSTILL!"

Kodak, look at this fine trick. I've *fought this giraffe to a standstill!*

[Enter HAMMING and KODAK with guns.]

HAMMING.

[*Looking at giraffe from distance.*] Remarkable!

VELDT.

Marvelous! He's full of shot. But he never budged after the first shot.

KODAK.

Wonderful!

VELDT.

[*Dramatically.*] Down he came upon me, dashing fiercely through the brush; up went my trusty rifle, and sent a bullet through his heart; then one look at me froze him stiff with horror—

[*Fish horn, heard off stage.*]

VELDT.

What's that?

HAMMING.

Fish horn, I guess.

KODAK.

[*Goes to giraffe, examines hole in body, shouts.*] Sawdust!

ALL.

Sawdust?

VELDT.

What's that you say—*sawdust*?

HAMMING.

Yes, the giraffe is stuffed!

VELDT.

Stuffed? Oh, you reporters!

[BOOLOOBBOO, off stage, pulls from wing,
and giraffe is rolled off.]

VELDT.

Sawdust! [Excitedly, seeing POLICIES' shoes and hat.] My Policies! Eaten alive! Oh My Policies. [Sees DUBB's prostrate form.] What's this? O, you poor Dubb! [DUBB rises.] Who soaked you, Dubby?

DUBB.

27,000 monkeys.

VELDT.

Monkeys. Monkeying with my Secretary. [Sees Notice posted on tree.] Ransom—this is serious—

KODAK.

[Despairingly.] Rose Garden kidnapped!

VELDT.

No time for words—*time for action!* We'll hunt the lair of these undesirable citizens. Forward—

[All hurriedly exit, march tempo.]

[Enter five newspaper reporters, natty appearance; look after VELDT. Notebooks, cameras over shoulders, knapsacks on backs.]

(ORCHESTRA INTRO.)

[*Reporters sing "The Teddy Line."*]

An African

Ties a tin pan

On a lion's tail for a lark,

But Teddy B.,

Will climb a tree

Where Noah spilt his Ark:

In a strong iron cage,

Where lions rage,

Ted will be when animals tease,

Typewriter, too,

Tobacco to chew,

He can sit and write at his ease:

REFRAIN.

There may be a "clothes line,"

A "ferry line" or two,

A slow "Erie line," "N. Y. C." line,

And a "C. B. Q.,"

There may be a "Penn. line,"

And other "lines" as fine,

But "Ted's" is a bird,

"Four dollars a word,"

The "Teddy Line" for mine!

II.

On your back fence

When cats commence

Their loud "one night stand" bawls to howl,
What will Ted do?

Down in that Zoo,

Where nighttimes thousands yowl?

Oh! He will write like mad,
 It's one great "ad,"
 Besides, think what "four bucks each"
 mean,
 What pills to take,
 If the cage don't break,
 You'll read of in Ted's Magazine.

REFRAIN.

There may be a "clothes line," etc.

[*Reporters exit.*]
 [HAMMING enters with VIOLET.]

HAMMING.

Think I better keep my eye on you.

VIOLET.

You're reckless with your eye.

HAMMING.

Never mind, they won't steal you.

VIOLET.

Wouldn't they steal "a Violet?"

HAMMING.

They stole a "whole Garden," but they can't
 get you——

VIOLET.

Why, who might I be?

HAMMING.

The dearest girl in the world is you!

[*Orchestra Intro. HAMMING sings, serenade, "The Dearest Girl in All the World."*]

Dear heart, in the dim twilight,
Thee, I serenade,
Sweet dreams come to you to-night,
My dearest, fairest maid;
My song tells of love for you,
True love in my heart,
Will you be mine—mine always,
Ne'er to part,
The rose opens dewy leaves,
E'en tho' hour is late,
The rose, like the birds, believes,
That you are my heart's mate,
I will, in my serenade,
Tell you I'll e'er be true,
The dearest girl in all the world
Is you—you—you!

II.

The nightingale, in the wood,
Sings to his dear mate,
I sing to you, would I could,
All my heart's tale relate,
List to my song, dear, to you,
Fond love 'twill express,
Will you be mine, I love you,
I confess;
Tell me, your heart is still thine,
Say—'tis not too late,
Your hand may some day be mine,
Bid me hope on and wait,
I look for your answer, now,
Deep in your eyes so blue,

The dearest girl in all the world

Is you—you—you!

(AFTER SONG.)

HAMMING.

Things have grown exciting——

VIOLET.

Trusts are making game in Africa——

HAMMING.

We'll make game of them——

VIOLET.

But the jungle's full of grafters, who won't let
you shoot without a permit——

HAMMING.

We'll fool them. If they accept checks——

VIOLET.

Checks?

HAMMING.

Yes, checks; we'll pay them \$10,000,000 in
checks if they want it——

VIOLET.

But they'll cash them——

HAMMING.

Yes, on the "Banks of the Nile"——

VIOLET.

Oh, I see. Phoney ones?

HAMMING.

Phoney checks for phoney hunting. I've

talked it over with Veldt, and hereafter I'm paymaster to the African Order of Highway Robbers—

[Both exit, talking, arm in arm.]

[Enter SHERBANG and twelve black native girls, scant Zulu costumes, sing, "Cutest Little Zulu in the Zoo."]

JUNGLE SUE.

Down in the jingle, jangle, jungle,
Where all is bingle, bangle, bung;
In a little bungalow,
Lives my little Jungle Sue,
Cutest little Zulu in the Zoo;
My heart goes tingle, tangle, tungle,
My thoughts go wringle, wrangle, wrung;
When I think of you,
Little Jungle Sue,
Cutest little Zulu in the Zoo.

REFRAIN.

My Jungle Sue,
You're my sweetest own Zulu,
If you knew, but knew
How my fond heart beats for you,
You'd be true,
And you'd love me, too;
My Jungle Sue,
You're my sweetest own Zulu,
You're the "merry jingle"
'Mid the jangle of the Jungle—
You're my cute Zulu!

II.

I love your tittle, tattle, tootle,
 Always I scittle, scattle, scoot;
 To a little bungalow
 Where I sit and dream with you,
 Cutest little Zulu in the Zoo;
 Down I will sittle, sattle, settle,
 Since first we mittle, mattle, met;
 Like to marry you,
 Little Jungle Sue,
 Cutest little Zulu in the Zoo.

REFRAIN.

My Jungle Sue, etc.

[Enter all principals, except VELDT, escorting ROSE GARDEN, KODAK by her side, and BOOLOOBOO.]

HAMMING.

[To BOOLOOBOO.] There you are, sir. [Hands paper.] A check for \$50,000. Bring it to your official Robin Hood.

BOOLOOBOO.

Check?

HAMMING.

Yes, worth \$50,000—if you cash it.

BOOLOOBOO.

Cash it?

HAMMING.

Yes, it's drawn on the *Banks of the Hudson*, but you might drop in at the Nile Bank, if it's handier—

BOOLOOBloo.

[*Grins, puts check in pouch, bows.*]

HAMMING.

Don't mention it. \$50,000 a mere nothing. By the way, when we pay those fines for disturbing the *peace of the Jungle*—I'll give you a few more—

BOOLOOBloo.

[*Bows, starts to exit.*]

HAMMING.

Call again—

[*BOOLOOBloo and tribesmen exit.*]

HAMMING.

There, though I feel like a confidence man, I'm happy. Our little Rose Garden [*takes her hand*] is back with our party again. [*Places her hand in KODAK's.*] Bless you, my children—

[*All laugh merrily. All start to exit, except GARDEN and KODAK. Chorus singing as they exit, "Little Bo-Peep."*]

[*Orchestra quartet, HAMMING, BOOLOOBloo, GARDEN, VIOLET.*]

Little Bo-peep, she lost her sheep,
And little Bo-peep was sad,
Little Bo-peep, she lost her sheep,
The one little sheep she had;
She mustn't weep, back came her sheep,
Back with a lion's tail,

Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho,
 Now Little Bo-peep has found her sheep,
 Heigho, heigho, heigho,
 With lion's tail behind him!

HAMMING.
 [Laughingly to KODAK.] Don't lose her
 again!
 [Exit.]

GARDEN.
 \$50,000 for me!

KODAK.
 I'd give a billion—

GARDEN.
 'And so it was just a ruse to extort money?
 KODAK.

The principal animal in the jungle is—

GARDEN.
 Is?

KODAK.
 The Graftor!

GARDEN.
 'And I was so frightened!
 KODAK.

Darling!
 GARDEN.

I thought they were going to eat me—

KODAK.

I'd eat you myself! But this sad little incident will never occur again. We'll be always together—you and I!

[*Orchestra Intro, duet, "Together—You and I," KODAK and GARDEN.*]

GARDEN.

When your eyes glance into mine, dear heart,
With a sweet surprise—with joy I start,
For it makes me dream of love, so true,
Forever—together, with you!

KODAK.

When your dear lov'd form I see, dear heart,
My heart bids me tell the story old,
To ask you for your hand and heart of gold;
Together, forever, with you.

REFRAIN (BOTH).

Together, love, we'll go thro' life, always just
you and I,
Forever, in life's autumn when you're old, dim
grows your eye,

GARDEN.

I know not why, but when you're nigh,

KODAK.

Your heart must know, I love you so,

[BOTH.]

My heart belongs to you, I will be true, to you
alone,

GARDEN.

I give to you, my promise true,

KODAK.

My life is thine, say you'll be mine,

[BOTH.]

I'll love you till the end of time, and Time is
endless, dear,

KODAK.

I swear that I will always be,

GARDEN.

Tho' different is Fate's decree.

[BOTH.]

Thro' life and thro' eternity,

Together, you and I,

Just you and I,

Just you and I!

II.

GARDEN.

Would now that I could the future view,

Do you think my dreams will all come true?

Will you constant be and ever nigh,

Forever, together, you—I;

KODAK.

In the future you will find me, dear,

Just as true and faithful as to-day,

To guard you, dear, thro' life to Heaven's way,

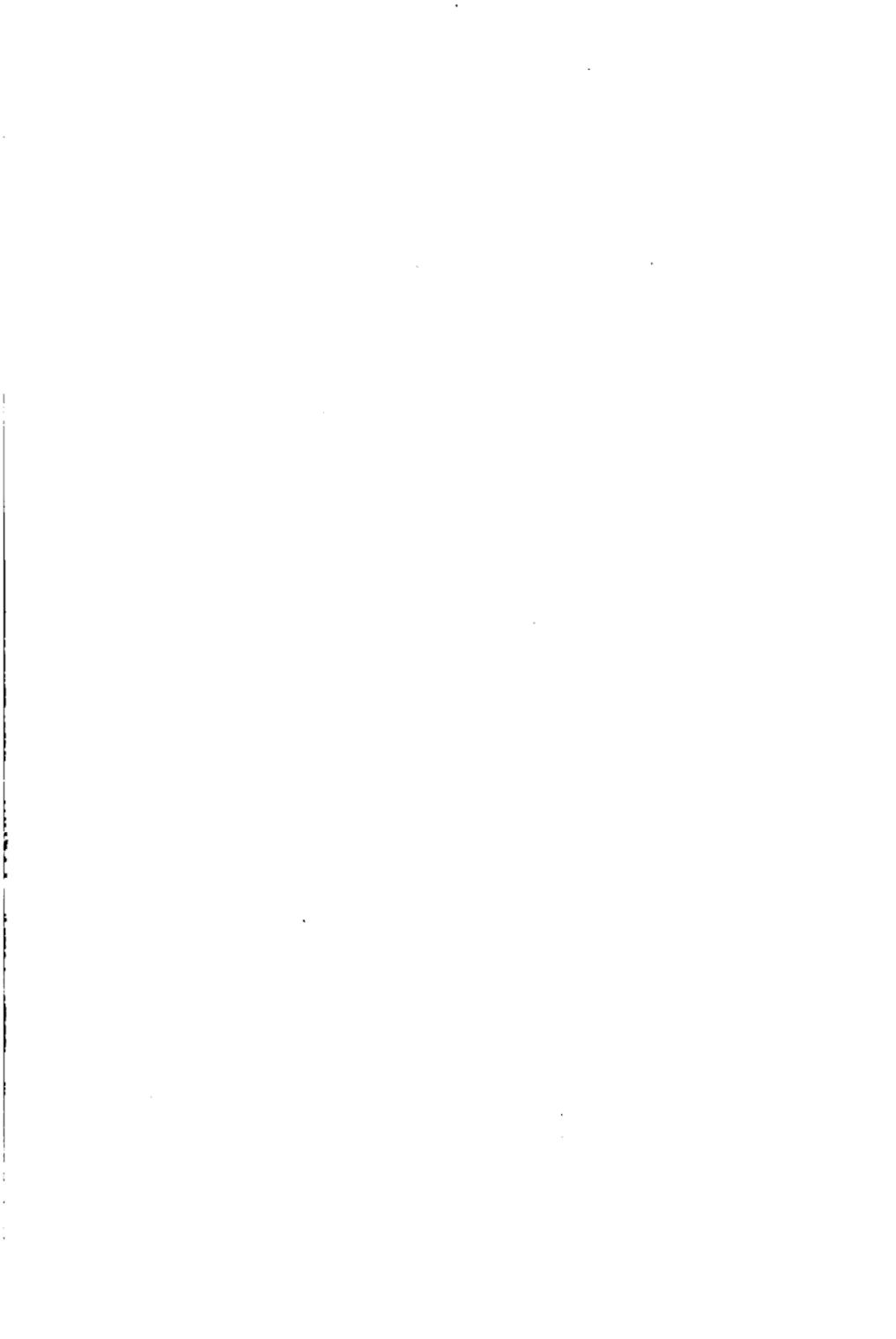
Together, forever, with you.

REFRAIN (BOTH).

Together, love, we'll go, etc.

[Exit KODAK and GARDEN.]

[Zoo business. Enter, slowly, white
painted elephant, has big sign on one
side, thus:





"AMATEUR NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE."

Hit the
Bull's Eye,
One Cigar.

*After this has been read by audience,
elephant shows sign on other side:*

Hit the
Elephant
you get
Pinched.

*[Elephant comes down stage, and does
clog dance. Man in front and man in
back dancing in wooden shoes.]*

*[Enter VELDT and DUBB just as elephant
finishes.]*

VELDT.

'Amateur night in the Jungle.

DUBB.

See the sign?

VELDT.

'That's all I've seen. The Jungle is a "killing
frost."

DUBB.

I don't feel chilly. How are you feeling?

VELDT.

Fair and warmer.

DUBB.

Like a weather report.

VELDT.

Yes, fair and warmer, and I am getting warmer every minute—

DUBB.

[*Aside.*] I see mine coming.

VELDT.

If I'm thoroughly warmed up by nightfall, I'll clean this Jungle out. I'll give 'em the grand razoo—

DUBB.

[*Aside.*] I must study over my animal crackers. [Both sit on tree trunk.]

VELDT.

The last few moments, Dubb, I thought we were a pair of Dubbs.

DUBB.

You're not *tired*!

VELDT.

Tired! Tired!! *How dare you say such a word in my presence?* Don't you dare do it again!

DUBB.

Oh! No! *Rest assured.*

VELDT.

Rest!! Don't say that, either. It's not in my new vocabulary.

VELDT.

[*To DUBB.*] Give me seven reams of paper.

DUBB.

[*Handing pile of paper.*] Your magazine article?

VELDT.

[*Writing furiously on sheets, scribbles one a second, and as they fall like leaves to ground, DUBB picks them up and counts them.*] Four dollars a word—\$40 a line—

DUBB.

[*Counting sheets.*] That's fifty thousand dollars' worth!

VELDT.

[*Pausing.*] Hum! That's enough! *The Outlook is good!* [Pulls book from pocket.] Now, don't bother me. [Reads in book to himself.]

DUBB.

[*Glancing at title, aside.*] Etiquette of the Jungle! Pigskin Library!

[*Long snake's body is lowered from flies directly in front of DUBB's nose.*]

DUBB.

[*Howls.*] OO—oo—oo—

VELDT.

[*Reading.*] Keep still.

DUBB.

[*Howls.*] OO—oo—oo—

VELDT.

[*Reading.*] Stop that confounded noise.

DUBB.

[Howls.] OO—oo—oo—

VELDT.

[Reading.] Stop that confounded noise.

DUBB.

[Howls.] OO—oo—oo—

VELDT.

[Reading.] What *are* you doing? Is that singing?

DUBB.

[Howls.] OO—oo—oo—

VELDT.

[Looks up.] Oh! A snake. Wait a moment
[looks in book] till I see what it says about snakes.

DUBB.

[Howls.] OO—oo—oo—

VELDT.

[Reading.] Don't move an eyelash!

DUBB.

[Howls and wriggles.]

VELDT.

Don't move an eyelash! Then stick a pin in him—

DUBB.

[Howls.] OO—he's going to sting—

VELDT.

Stick a pin in him. [Sticks pin in snake.]

DUBB.

[Howls.]

[Snake is pulled up in flies.]

VELDT.

There, just as easy. Now, be quiet! [Goes on reading in book.]

DUBB.

[Howls.] OO—oo—oo—

[Big lion enters limping.]

VELDT.

[Reading.] Snakes again!

DUBB.

[Howls.]

VELDT.

[Reading.] Don't move an eyelash!

DUBB.

[Howls.]

VELDT.

[Reading.] Stick a pin in him!

DUBB.

[Howls.] Ooo—oo—

VELDT.

[Looks up, lion limps.] Oh! Only a lion! He's got something in his foot. [Approaches lion, takes his paw, and removes tack.] Just a tack in your tire, old sport!

[Lion licks VELDT's hand, then raises his paw and knocks VELDT flying, lion exits.]

DUBB.

[Joking.] Don't move an eyelash!

VELDT.

Zounds!

DUBB.

Stick a pin in him!

VELDT.

Revenge! To-night! When darkness settles on this wandering menagerie; to-night, I'll go forth alone and exterminate the bunch. Revenge!

DUBB.

Poor circuses. And the giraffe!

VELDT.

Giraffe—Sawdust giraffe. Don't you dare tell that giraffe story to any one. [Threatens, pummels him.]

DUBB.

[Trembling.] No! No!

VELDT.

You won't tell it?

DUBB.

Hope to die!

VELDT.

[Smiling.] Good! "Giraffe" rhymes with "laugh" too easily.

DUBB.

How do you feel now?

VELDT.

[Smiling.] 29,000,000 fine!

[Great tin-pan rattle heard off stage. VELDT and DUBB look astonished, tin-panning continues. Lion runs across stage L. to R., with tin pan on his tail.]

VELDT.

[Watching.] Black Horse Cavalry!

[Tin-panning again heard, elephant dashes L. to R., wash boiler on tail.]

VELDT.

[Watching.] Republicans panned!

[Tin-panning again heard. Donkey runs across, L. to R., tin pan on tail.]

VELDT.

[Watching.] Democrats this time!

[Crashes and tin-panning heard again, three or four more animals rush L. to R., tin pails on tails.]

VELDT.

Some one has panned the jungle!

[Enter KODAK and BOOLOOBOO, see animals as they disappear, all laugh.]

(ORCHESTRAL INTRO.)

[Topical or lyin' quartet, VELDT, DUBB, BOOLOOBOO, KODAK, sing, "Ananias Couldn't Beat That."]

I.

VELDT.

I met a hippo yesterday,
 In the pool, down near the bay,
 When I saw him, I said: "Gosh!"
 For he was hangin' out his wash.
 It's a fact,
 It's no joke,
 This hippo
 Really spoke,
 Smiled and said with hippo glee,
 "I'll splash you, if you'll splash me."
 [Quartet look at VELDT in amazement,
 shake heads, sing.]
 Ananias couldn't beat that,
 If he tried he wouldn't get fat,
 That's the truth, so don't you smile,
 And say I fib by the mile,
 That's a hot one, really worth while—
 Ananias couldn't beat that!

(CHORDS.)

No matter how he tried,
 No matter how he lied!

II.

DUBB.

I'm the bravest man you know,
 Don't care what Fate's dice may throw,
 In the Jungle I'm at home,
 How I love to stroll and roam;
 Met ten lions,
 They saw me:

I did not
Climb a tree,
Merely waited—watched my chance—
Shot them with a killing glance.

[*Quartet look at DUBB in amazement,
shake heads and sing "Ananias
Couldn't Beat That," etc.]*

* * * * *

Just as Scooper and Pipes fitted the "Ananias" quartet lyrics to the melody, Pipes grew suddenly dizzy, toppled off the piano stool and dashed his face against a mahogany chair.

Scooper helped him tenderly to his feet, but—

Pipes had been struck between the eyes, and his face was rapidly discoloring, indicating the early arrival of "two black eyes."

CHAPTER XII.

LAST OF SCENE I.

Of all the sorrowful looking pictures of operatic composers, real or cartooned, Ferdinand Pipes was the medal winner. With his hair and clothes in wild disorder, face unshaven, and two blackened orbs, he was no longer recognizable.

Scooper was also showing the effects of the strain, but it was more "a case of nerves" with him. He insisted, pleaded, coaxed and fought Pipes to go to bed and rest up, but without effect. Finally he swore to drop the book and lyrics right then and there—uncompleted—unless the composer bathed his eyes and took a nap. This last threat was successful.

Pipes went to bed, and Jack wrote on—on—on!

* * * * *

[After encore, quartet return, just as real old, gray-haired, stoop-shouldered man, with long white beard trailing to ground, enters slowly.]

OLD MAN.

[Musing to himself.] Complete—at last!

VELDT.

It's Noah!

DUBB.

Where's his Ark?

HAMMING.

First appearance since the flood.

KODAK.

Age—two thousand.

[*All watch him curiously.*]

OLD MAN.

Days, weeks, months, years, *centuries* I've
operated—and at last—to-day—*my great*
“*What-it-is-is-it*” is perfection!

VELDT.

May we inquire—what your “*What-it-is-is-it*”
is?

OLD MAN.

Who are you—who ask what my “*What-it-is-
is-it*” is!

VELDT.

Veldt Rose. [*Crash.*]

OLD MAN.

Strange, I've seen your face before—

VELDT.

Maybe. My photo was in the newspaper
once—

OLD MAN.

Ah! What fine teeth you have—

VELDT.

[*Aside.*] I wonder is this another joke?
 [Aloud.] What is it—your "*What-it-is-is-it?*"?

DUBB.

Sounds like a Weber & Fields' language—

OLD MAN.

Ah! My life's work—I have conquered nature!

VELDT.

A nature fakir!

OLD MAN.

Say not so! I have taken different parts of 17 animals and put them together, and they live as one—

VELDT.

And that is—

OLD MAN.

My marvelous "*What-it-is-is-it.*"

DUBB.

Have you it with you?

OLD MAN.

[*Calling.*] Here, boss, here, boss. Ah! if any one harmed you [*dramatically*] the Jungle could not hide him—

VELDT.

He's related to every family—

HAMMING.

I'm glad he's not in mine—

[Strange animal, like elephant, with lion, tiger and leopard heads on sides, and snake for tail, walks across stage.]

OLD MAN.

[Admiring.] He's worth his weight in diamonds! O precious one, woe be to him who harms you! Shoo, boss. Shoo boss.

[OLD MAN exits following animal.]

VELDT.

What-it-is-is-it!

DUBB.

Father Time, driving the cows home——

HAMMING.

The lecturer of the jungle——

VELDT.

Central Park has it frazzled!

[Enter BOOLOOBOO.]

BOOLOOBOO.

The wireless station is ready——

VELDT.

Good height?

BOOLOOBOO.

We climbed the highest tree and there placed the apparatus.

VELDT.

What's the charges?

BOOLOOBOO.

[Looks in book.] \$6,000.

VELDT.

Very reasonable.

HAMMING.

[After scribbling.] Here's check, sir. It's a pleasure.

BOOLOOBOO.

What does the N. G. mean on those checks?

VELDT.

That's just our *private mark* for the paying teller at the bank. Come, now, forward to view our station that gets us in touch with the outside world—[BOOLOOBOO *points and they all exit, talking.*]

(ORCHESTRA INTRO.)

[Enter VIOLET, looks off stage.]

VIOLET.

There he goes to wireless station, and my heart goes C. Q. D.

VIOLET.

[Sings, "Answer My Wireless—C. Q. D."]
The latest way to make love is by wireless,And I have had installed an instrument,
I'm waiting in my "Cupid Station," tireless,For an answer to a message I have sent;
My "sender" is a jolly little heartlet,Delights to fling love's lightning far and near,
I must confess I hardly know the art yet,
But I'm listening and wond'ring what I'll hear.

REFRAIN.

Answer my wireless—C. Q. D.,
I'll keep your secret on Q. T.,
A "spark" on my line,
It is you, dear, for mine,
Answer my wireless, dearie!

II.

The only way to make love is by wireless,
For then you have no wires to get crossed,
And if your affinity grows cold and fireless,
'Tis then better just to wire than be bossed;
Besides just think of love within a station,
There wired "heart to heart" forever, dear,
I must confess it's Cupid's best creation—
So I'm listening and wond'ring what I'll hear.

REFRAIN.

Answer my wireless, etc.

[VIOLET exits at end.]

[Enter SHERBANG and BOOHOO.]

SHERBANG.

It's dreadful, isn't it?

BOOHOO.

Ain't it awful, Hazel!

SHERBANG.

What will we ever do?

BOOHOO.

Let's weep.

SHERBANG.

Like American ladies.

[Both sob in 'kerchiefs.]

[Enter CHU, CHOW and CHAW.]

CHU.

[To ladies.] Have you lost your way?

SHERBANG.

[Sobs.] No!

CHAW.

Lost your purse?

SHERBANG.

[Sobs.] No!

CHAW.

Lost a hairpin?

SHERBANG.

No! [Sobs.]

CHOW.

Lost your heart?

SHERBANG.

No! [Sobs.]

CHU.

Then what have you lost?

SHERBANG.

Our appetites—

CHAW.

Don't mother's cooking suit you?

SHERBANG.

No!

CHU.

What delicacy do you desire?

SHERBANG.

Soup—

CHOW.

Soup?

CHU.

Will I get an ox-tail?

CHAW.

Or tiger's tail?

CHOW.

Or giraffe's tail?

CHU.

Or hyena's tail?

CHAW.

Or elephant's tail?

CHOW.

Or hippo's tail?

SHERBANG.

I want a lion's tail—for lion's tail soup.

CHU.

Don't it come in cans?

CHOW.

62 varieties?

CHAW.

Look for the label—

SHERBANG.

No! No! [Weeps loudly.]

CHU, CHAW AND CHOW.

Excuse us—

[Three exit rapidly, loud growling heard off, a tussle, then a great ki-yi-ing.]

SHERBANG.

How gallant they are!

BOOHOO.

Lovely chappies—

[Enter CHU, arm hidden, as though bitten off; CHOW, leg hidden, as though bitten off, with crutch; CHAW, both arms hidden.]

CHU.

[Handing tail to SHERBANG.] Oblige a lady—

SHERBANG.

Oh! Thanks. [Bows.]
[All bow.]

SHERBANG.

[Examining tail closely.] Pshaw! I wanted a golden-haired tail! Take this right back!!

[SHERBANG and BOOHOO exit haughtily.]

CHU.

[Looking at his comrades.] Woman's the same the world over!

[Loud shot heard off stage, followed by Zoo howls, etc. Orchestra, tremolo. VELDT rushes on as though pursued; HAMMING, KODAK and DUBB follow him on.]

HAMMING.

What's up? What's the matter?

KODAK.

What did you do?

VELDT.

O, ye gods—I shot—

HAMMING.

Yes, you shot—

VELDT.

I shot the "*What-it-is-is-it*"!

HAMMING.

The Jungle is aroused.

VELDT.

What will I do?

KODAK.

Blame it on Dubb!

VELDT.

Surest thing, you know!

[*Shouts and howls grow louder; enter OLD MAN.*]

OLD MAN.

[*Moaning fiercely.*] Who shot my *What-it-is-is-it*?

VELDT.

[*Quickly to DUBB.*] What did you shoot the old man's *What-it-is-is-it* for, you naughty boy?

DUBB.

[*Trembles.*] OO—OO—OO—

[*OLD MAN dances around, howls increase, natives crowd on.*]

OLD MAN.

[Pointing to DUBB.] *His life!*

KODAK.

[To DUBB.] Better beat it!

HAMMING.

I'll lend you an extra pair of shoes—

[DUBB trembles again, then runs for dear life, with everybody, animals and all in hot pursuit. Exit.]

(ORCHESTRA.)

[Enter GARDEN and VIOLET.]

GARDEN.

Wasn't Dubb awful to do it?

VIOLET.

Their sacred animal—

GARDEN.

I hope he escapes—

VIOLET.

He'll have to go some.

GARDEN.

He's going.

VIOLET.

He'll get lost.

GARDEN.

I'm afraid they'll find him.

[Enter HAMMING and KODAK, bow to ladies.]

HAMMING.

Too bad, Dubb has to exert himself like that.

KODAK.

A wireless came from his grandmother asking how his toothache was.

GARDEN.

How dreadful.

VIOLET.

His toothache's forgotten just now.

[Enter VELDT and BOOLOOBOO, *talking excitedly.*]

VELDT.

Can't we get protection?

BOOLOOBOO.

The whole jungle is up against him.

VELDT.

Can't we build a blockade—trenches—anything—

BOOLOOBOO.

Useless. They're 10,000 against one!

VELDT.

They'll attack our jungle party?

BOOLOOBOO.

Your only hope is—escape—

VELDT.

And leave Dubb?

BOOLOOBOO.

Yes.

VELDT.

Not by a *damned sight!*

BOOLOOBOO.

I'll pilot you short cut to the Nile.

VELDT.

No—a million, billion times, too. *I got Dubb into a mess and I'll get him out of it*, if I tear the Jungle up by the roots—

BOOLOOBOO.

[Shakes head.]

VELDT.

[Loudly.] *To the rescue!* [To KODAK.] You have the air-ship brought here, get all our party aboard, and I'll be back with Dubb or I'll never come back—

HAMMING.

I'm with you!

[VELDT and HAMMING start off rapidly together.]

VELDT.

Dubb or die!! [Exits rapidly.]

FINALE.

SCENE I.

(CHORUS ff.)

To do or to die,
 On him we rely,
 He's a real hero, great—a hero great;
 He would not hesitate to do for his friend or
 die!

[*Zoo business ff. All point off stage L., exit as they sing.*]

There they are,
Wildly they shout,
From afar:

“Down, down and out,”

There they go,
Time—second round,
Oh, 'tis a fine sight!

[*GARDEN and VIOLET exit with KODAK R.*]

[*BOOLOOBOO climbs midway up a tree; CHU, CHAW and CHOW look up for news; shouting and war howls heard off stage, in distance.*]

(ORCHESTRAL TREMOLO.)

BOOLOOBOO.

[*As though watching.*] He's down—no, he's up again—natives are gaining—Veldt fires—natives fall—attention drawn from Dubb to Veldt—spears fall all about him—Dubb doubles on his tracks—joins Veldt—Hamming fighting like tiger. They retreat in this direction. All fighting like madmen—

[*Air-ship is now being placed by KODAK and others, side stage; GARDEN, VIOLET and Americans get on basket-like platform.*]

KODAK.

[*Climbing up other tree, midway.*] Good boy, Veldt—holding them back—and retreating

here cleverly—no lions ever fought like that—
Dubb falls exhausted—Veldt throws him on his
shoulder and runs—bully boy—Hamming keeps
them back—Hurrah! They come! They come!

(CHORUS.)

Do or to die,
On him we rely,
He's a real hero—a hero great;
He did not hesitate to do for his friend, or die!

[VELDT rushes on, battle stained, with
DUBB on his shoulder, places DUBB
on air-ship; HAMMING backs on shoot-
ing. Americans get aboard ship,
whirring noise heard.]

[Enter native with flag of truce, followed
by other natives with spears and
breastplates.]

(CHORUS, NATIVES.)

You've raised—the deuce,
You've raised—the deuce,
A flag—of truce,
A flag—of truce,
We wish—to come,
We wish—to come,
To terms—
To come to terms!

We'll call fight off,
If up you'd cough,
Some of your fighting germs,
Inoculate a few of us,
Then we'll know how to fight and fuss,
Can't you spare a few—just one or two—or two!



"THE 'WHAT-IT-IS-IS-IT' IS 'WHAT-IT-IS-NOT'!"

VELDT.

I'll come some day
With Squadron A,
On horseback, in the lead,
Rough Riders, too,
Will give to you,
All "fight germs" that you need!

(CHORUS.)

He'll come some day, with Squadron A,
On horseback, in the lead,
Rough Riders, too, give me and you,
All "fight germs" that we need!

[OLD MAN *emerging from crowd.*]
[Speech, "What-it-is-is-it.]

VELDT.

[To OLD MAN.]

That's all very simple and plain,
If you will but let me explain,
Your "What-it-is-is-it,"
While on a long visit, got shot—got shot;

(CHORUS.)

It's all very simple and plain,
If you'll but let us explain,
When you came back,
Alas and alack,
Your "What-it-is-is-it" was not!

(CHORUS.)

Hero of heroes is he,
Pride of the whole country,
He has faults like us all,
Yet he ne'er shirks duty's call;

VELDT.

That Dubb is a hero, too,
 I must impress on you,
 The "What-it-is-is-it,"
 Was put out of biz,
 Dubb is a hero, too,

(CHORUS.)

Hero of heroes is he,
 Pride of the whole country,
 He has faults like us all,
 Yet he ne'er shirks duty's call,
 He ne'er shirks duty's call!

(CHORUS.)

This place—not worth while,
 We'll start for "THE NILE"!

[*Natives all bow low, animals howl, principals in air-ship wave adieu, whirring noise as though air-ship is ascending.*]

DARK STAGE.

[*End of Scene One, Act Two.*]

* * * * *

Scooper's flying pen stumbled, faltered and fell on the papers. Jack's eyes closed suddenly tight, and, as his head dropped limply on the table, his lips murmured: "Dark stage," and all grew still.

In this position, Pipes discovered him, and the much-battered composer managed to carry

him to bed without awaking him. But Pipes was uneasy and frightened, and telephoned for the doctor. The doctor was not pleased evidently, for his answer to the summons was:

“What tom-fool game is this? Call a man up at three o’clock in the morning—do you know it’s three o’clock? Then ask him to visit an unoccupied house? And you say, you don’t know what’s the matter, or if anything’s the matter. Who are you; what’s your name?”

“I’m Pipes, Ferdinand Pipes,” meekly answered Pipes.

“Pipes? Professor Pipes? Now, do you know they’ve had scouring parties out, looking everywhere for you. No trace of you or Scooper since last Sunday, and your wives are nearly insane! I’ll drop in on you in the morning, but now I’m going to bed; do you hear? To bed!”

Pipes staggered back. His wife, ye gods, he had actually forgotten he was married. His wife—what, oh what, could he tell her. And his black eyes? But his motto now was “Write opera or die.” So, placing his foot on the soft pedal, he composed melodies to all lyrics Jack had written thus far.

He yawned, stretched, his eyes closed, he slipped to his knees and went to sleep—on the floor.

CHAPTER XII AND ONE-HALF.

DIVORCES.

Scooper awoke with a start. He tried to put his feet out on the floor, but he could hardly move them. So he climbed down like a baby, and crawled on his hands and knees to the table where his paper and pen were. These he secured, and he climbed back into bed, propped himself up with pillows and commenced to write. This was the final scene. He had the ideas all in his mind, but write the stuff out he must. And though on the verge of collapse, he wrote:

* * * * *

SCENE II, ACT II.

[*Stage set in darkness.*]

[*Lights slowly lighted as though break of day.*]
[*Scene—Banks of the Nile.*]

(OPENING CHORUS.)

[*Off stage, while the morning lights are coming up.*]

Night wed Morn

In the long ago,

Moon wooed the Sun's bright ray,

The Sun's bright ray,

Night wed Morn
So now we all know,
There is born another Day,
Day, another Day,

Night wed Morn
In the long ago,
Moon wooed the Sun's bright ray,
The Sun's ray.

Night wed Morn,
So now we all know
There is born another Day!

Day is breaking on the Nile,
Waking with a happy smile,
Sleep no more,
Your dream is o'er,
Awake, day, awake!

Night wed Morn
In the long ago,
Moon wooed the Sun's bright ray,
The Sun's ray,

Night wed Morn,
So now we all know
There is born another Day!
[Lights up.]

[*Prow of yacht, slowly shoved on, stops;
prow and small part of hull in view.]*
[*German, CAPTAIN SNYDER, enters on
bow of yacht, followed quickly by two
awkward German sailors.]*

SNYDER.

[*Shouts.*] Tie dot anchor loose, vat's de matter mit dis crew. Ach, Chiminey! Went it—went it—Ah! [Sighs.] [Splash heard.] Dere she vent. [Listens.] [Deep thud heard.] Goot—she touched bottom. Now, get dot gangway plank—nine—nine—dot plank dere. [Gangway plank, with rope railing lowered and placed in position.] Ah! Now, pipe all hants on deck, und I vill go und smoke mine pipe. [Exits, saying.] *Excuse me, from dose crocodoodles—*

[HAMMING, KODAK, GARDEN, VIOLET come in view on deck, followed by chorus.]

GARDEN.

'Ah! The Nile in all its mysterious splendor!
The Mystic Nile!

(CHORUS ff.)

Back in the bygone ages,
Lost to all hist'rys' pages,
Art—of long years ago,
Secrets—we'll never know,
Back in the bygone ages,
Lost to all hist'rys' pages,
Secrets that are worth while,
Stay hidden in the Nile!

(ORCHESTRA.)

[Enter VELDT, followed by DUBB on deck.]

VELDT.

[Sings verse of first Entrance song.]

The Lion Hunter, with his gun, sir, now is here
with you,
Soon hair will be flying, wild beasts dying, etc.

(CHORUS, repeat ff.)

[VELDT and others come down gang
plank.]

VELDT.

We ran away like schoolboys—not a trophy
from the Jungle. We will go back again, if you
desire.

ALL.

[Protesting.] No! No! No!

VELDT.

As you wish—but no trophies—think of that.
[To DUBBS.] Why, oh, why, did you shoot the
“What-it-is-is-it?”

DUBB.

Not guilty—

ALL.

[Laughing heartily.] He shot the *What-it-*
is-is-it?

VELDT.

[Singing line.] And the *What-it-is-is-it* is
What-it-is-not? Boolooboo will send a shipload
of trophies for a check!

ALL.

[Repeat line and laugh heartily.]

[Large crocodile, unnoticed, slowly climbs
at C., opens mouth wide and remains
motionless; jaws are big enough to
swallow man.]

[DUBB edges back stage, and sits right in the crocodile's mouth.]

SNYDER.

[On deck of yacht, shouts.] *The Crocodile! The Crocodoodle!*

[VELDT rushes back and pulls DUBB away just as jaws snap. All scream.]

VELDT.

Dubb, you are the limit! [Pulls him over knee and spanks him.] There now, be a good boy. I can't be saving your life ev'ry minute! [Crocodile slides down bank out of view.]

VELDT.

Now, we'll explore! The Nile!

[Chorus ff, second part of Act, Scene II, Opening Chorus.]

[Exit all.]

[Four large Crocodiles slowly climb bank at C., open enormous mouths wide, remain motionless.]

[Enter Secret Service Men, business of peeking out of wings, shading eyes, etc. Sneaky business.]

[Enter SNYDER on deck, yacht, makes slight noise.]

SNYDER.

[Aside.] Civil Service detectitives!

FOUR SECRET SERVICE MEN.

Sssssh!

[SNYDER makes a scraping noise. Secret

Service Men rush into crocodiles' mouths, jaws snap and crocodiles disappear.]

SNYDER.

Ach, Lewi! The crocodoodles eat the Civil Service. I vish I vas pack on der Rhine, mit Katrine!

(ORCHESTRA INTRO.)

CAPT. SNYDER.

[*Sings, "Dot's Why I'm a Captain on the Nile."*]

Villum Schneitzel vas a chum of mine,
Ve vas boys togedder on der Rhine,
But ven ve both loved one girl—Katrine,

Oooo—ooo—ow—ow!

One day ven I asked her, me, she made refuse,
Schneitzel he was lucky, for him she choose,
So off I goes to der Nile to nurse my blues,

Oooo—ooo—ow—ow!

(CHORUS.)

Dot's vy I'm captain on der river Nile,
Here I can lose mineself, nefer see her smile,
Tho I vould like the Rhine to see, once in a
vile,

Oh, Katrine, dot smile,
Dot's vy I'm a captain on der Nile!

II.

Villum Schneitzel wrote to me last veek,
'Bout his wife he made a little speak,
Said she vas no longer mild und meek,

Oooo—ooo—ow—ow!

One day she threw him der stairs down, he said,
 I vas I vise one, far avay to fled,
 He had Katrine, but he vished he vas dead,
 Oooo—ooo—ow—ow!

(CHORUS.)

Dot's vy I'm a captain on der river Nile, etc.

[*Chorus repeat ff, in wings.*]
 [VELDT enters just as SNYDER exits, after
 song.]

VELDT.

Rather a Rhine melody for the Nile!

[VELDT goes to the gang plank silently,
 sits down and puts his head between
 his hands, or otherwise, to give audi-
 ence impression that he is in deep
 thought, waits in thinking pose fully
 half minute.]

[HAMMING and KODAK enter silently and
 stand at wings as though respecting
 VELDT'S reverie.]

HAMMING.

Who are you thinking of?

VELDT.

[Slowly.] Taft!

HAMMING.

Well, he's the papa of our country now.

VELDT.

He'll always be to me, *Dear Old Bill!*
 [Orchestra intro, song, "Bill."]

VELDT.

No matter what the papers say,
You are "Dear Bill" to me,
A warm spot's in my heart alway,
And you I'd like to see,
Just to clasp your hand again,
And say "We're comrades still,"
I'm longing for that time to come,
Bill, dear old Bill.

REFRAIN (CHORUS).

Bill, Bill, dear old Bill,
Tariff Bill, 'Possum Bill, Jolly old Bill!

VELDT.

I like you and always will,
Bill, dear old Bill,

(CHORUS.)
Bill, Bill, dear old Bill,
Tariff Bill, 'Possum Bill, Jolly Old Bill!

VELDT.

I like you and always will,
Bill, dear old Bill.

II.

No matter how fat you may get,
Or no matter how thin,
I'll be the same, like you yet,
And always said you'd win;
When you sit in the Pres'dent's chair,
It's extra large size, too,
That chair will have no room to spare,
Just room for you.

REFRAIN.

Bill, Bill, dear old Bill, etc.

(CHORUS repeat *ffff.*)

[At last note enter party made up as President Taft.]

[Orchestra intro, agitato.]

[VELDT and TAFT greet each other affectionately.]

VELDT.

Bill, best friend, Bill!

TAFT.

I left the country fatherless, to see you safely back! My Senate needs you.

VELDT.

Bill! I'll return from Elba!

[Chorus repeat Bill song chorus *fff.*]

HAMMING.

Too many crocodiles here—U. S. A.—Home!

[Orchestra intro., "U. S. A. Is Home to me."]

ROSE GARDEN.

Home, home, once more,

We will all soon be starting,

For that lov'd shore,

'Neath the Red, White and Blue,

Stars and Stripes float,

While bands are gayly playing,

Loud sounds each note;

"U. S. A., I love you!"

Where'er I roam,
Where'er my steps are straying,
To my dear home,
I hasten back alway,
Our fathers fought,
While enemies were fleeing,
For that dear home—
The good old U. S. A.

REFRAIN.

Come what may, U. S. A.
Is the home for me,
Ever dear, ever near,
Where'er I be,
To the land that is grand,
Kindly hand for all,
U. S. A. means fair play,
What befall,
Eagle screams in my dreams,
All my thoughts e'er stray,
To your nooks and your brooks,
Alway,
Fortune smiles,
On sons of land of the free,
Come what may, U. S. A.
Is home—home to me!

II.

A hunter great
Brought out a hunting party,
The lions wild
With fearless air we shot,
Then down the Nile
While the natives were seeing,

The eagles smile
 "U. S. A. we love you,"
 So on our way,
 Where'er we all are hunting,
 Our flags display,
 Just where our hearts belong,
 So while we hunt
 All animals are fleeing.
 We'll bring them home—
 To good old U. S. A

REFRAIN.

Come what may, etc.

SNYDER.

[*On deck, shouts.*] Kwick, de crocodoodles
 vas hungry. All apoard, yet!

VELDT.

[*Laughing to TAFT.*] The Crocodoodles are
 like Dubb's What-it-is-is-it! I must tell you the
 story. [*Go up gang plank.*]

DUBB.

If he does, I'll tell the "Giraffe story"!

[*All get aboard yacht, crocodiles appear
 on banks again.*]

[*Chorus and principals sing "Songs of the
 Opera."*]

[*Yacht moves slowly across stage.*]

CURTAIN.

*The end of the comic opera, "Veldt, the Lion
 Hunter."*

And Ferdinand Pipes dragged himself and his music paper to Jack's bedside, and there on the floor he scribbled the musical notes for each sheet as it fell from Scooper's hand, without the aid of the piano. When they reached the "curtain" for last scene, they both murmured, "Thank heavens," and lapsed into unconsciousness.

* * * * *

That was the state the doctor found them in, after he forced his way in through the window with a basket of eatables and his medicine case on his shoulder.

"Lack of nourishment and overwork" was his verdict after he examined them critically, though he could not account for Pipes' blackened eyes. A fight, maybe, as he could not have chopped wood recently.

* * * * *

The doctor grew interested in their cases, and that afternoon they made a rally, and confided their comic opera efforts to the physician, who, seeing this work preyed on their minds, telephoned for four lady typewriters to call and take way the MS. of the book and lyrics and make sufficient duplicate copies thereof for copy-rights, etc. He telephoned two music arrangers that he would express music of an opera at once, and for them to make needed orchestral parts. He also negotiated a joint note of \$300 for them, with which to meet expenses. He did everything possible to quiet their nerves and minds.

The central in the Freelot telephone exchange was a very nice young lady, but she spread the news of the locating of Scooper and Pipes. Naturally, Mrs. Scooper and Mrs. Pipes heard of their husbands' whereabouts.

* * * * *

Four natty young ladies tripped gayly down the stoop of the house in which Scooper and Pipes finished their opera and nearly finished themselves. Of course, it was just at the moment Mrs. Scooper and Mrs. Pipes were about to call for an affectionate reunion with their worse halves.

They did not go in. They said "Scoundrels," and visited Mr. Suem, a lawyer, where they spoke of divorces, separations, South Dakota, etc.

* * * * *

The ears of the writers of "The Lion Hunter" nearly burned off that night, but they slept like babes.

CHAPTER XIV.

CELEBRATION—FINIS.

"I see a bottle smiling at me from the side-board," said Scooper, when they awoke next morning. "What say, writer of billion-dollar tunes, if we celebrate?"

"An appropriate suggestion," answered Pipes, "now that our cold-blooded murder of language and music is committed."

"What if the opera's turned down?"

"Ssssh, sssh, don't say the word—have a drink."

The doctor had left two bottles of brandy for medicinal purposes, and when the same was swallowed for other purposes on empty stomachs by two such inexperienced drinkers as Scooper and Pipes the result was fearful.

They saw things!

They found themselves in a jungle filled with snakes. Then a lion attacked Scooper.

"Shoot, Veldt, shoot, and save us!" was the war cry.

Shoot, Veldt; there it is!"

Some one knocked on the door, but they heard it not.

Then two gentlemen peeped through the blinds and threw up their hands in horror.

The gentlemen were—the pastor of Pipes' church and the manager of Scooper's newspaper.

The bottles—the snakes—told all.

The inspired were fired.

But the racket continued. They were searching for Veldt in Africa. Snakes were growing thicker, and he had disappeared. Pipes bumped his head against the telephone. Strange—what luck—a phone in the jungle. He unconsciously called up the doctor's number.

"Veldt there? Veldt there? Tell him come back—we're ambushed—"

"Ambushed by what?"

"Snakes—snakes—snakes! Help! Veldt!"

The doctor understood, made a hurry call, but it was two days before they stopped shaking and could sit up.

* * * * *

As they sat in easy-chairs by the window, they compared notes. The assets and liabilities of their operatic firm balanced sadly.

The only asset was one comic opera.

The liabilities were: Debt, note, \$300; rent bill, gas bill, doctor's bill, both nervous wrecks, positions lost, reputations injured, and wives seeking divorces.

* * * * *

But Fortune smiled on this pair, who put up such a grand battle. The opera was ac-

cepted, given a gorgeous stage production, and is a huge success. Already they have many contracts, with royalty advanced, for other operas. When you see the announcement of "The Lion Hunter" playing in your favorite theatre, go and view the famous first work by Scooper and Pipes, the result of that frightful struggle.

Any pleasant afternoon you can see Scooper and Pipes, with their wives, whizzing through the Park in a big touring car, happy as can be. On the front of their car, glittering in the sunlight, is a huge metallic lion's head, a reminder, no doubt, of their battle at Freelot, when they evolved—VELDT—THE LION HUNTER.

FINIS.

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